AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Display Copy
DEC 27 1985

New Statesman

13 December 1985 80p IR£1.28 US$1.50 By Air

JOAN SMITH on the new Obscene Politics

CLAUDIA WRIGHT: Yet more spies

JAMES PRIOR: Cabinet confessions

MANNING MARABLE: Farrakhan's black separatism

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As any successful businessman will tell you, simple cost cutting doesn't always lead to greater efficiency.

There are times when it can even make things worse.

Take London Regional Transport for example. They've recently begun to introduce a series of cost-cutting measures.

These include reductions in staff on the Underground, more pay-as-you-enter buses and fewer (and less frequent) bus services.

The one thing they all have in common, apart from saving money, is that they will lose money.

Less staff on the Underground means more vandalism and violence, pay-as-you-enter buses are slower and less convenient. Both of which discourage people from using public transport.

As indeed do fewer buses.

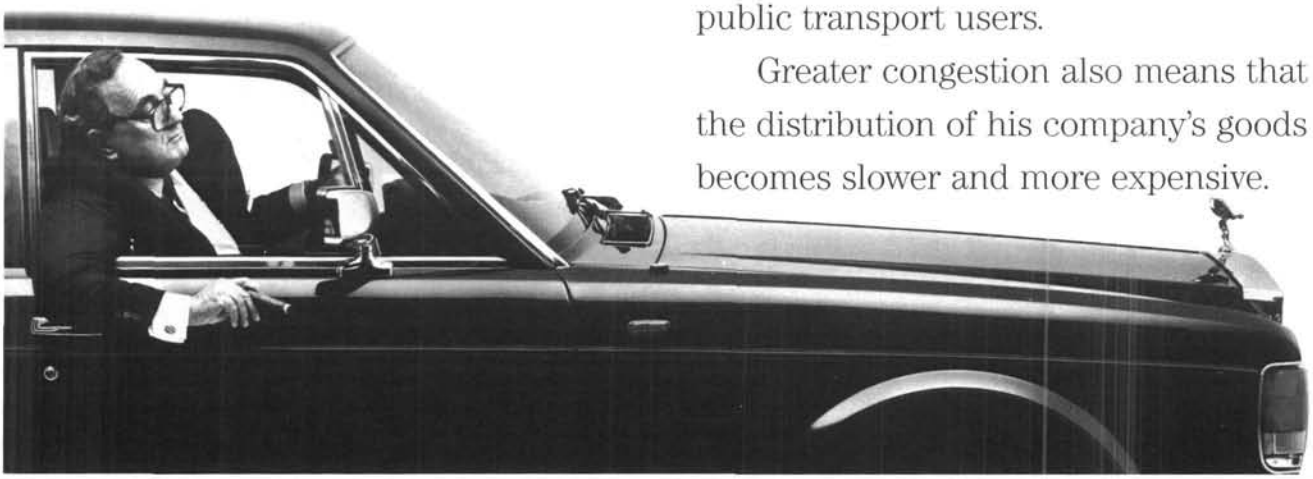
So there is an immediate loss of revenue to set against the savings.

Of course LRT can put fares up to compensate for this. But when they do it usually leads to a further loss of passengers.

When people use public transport less they use private cars more. So traffic congestion increases.

Which causes just as many problems for the gentleman opposite as it does for public transport users.

Greater congestion also means that the distribution of his company's goods becomes slower and more expensive.



NOBODY HAS MORE TO LOSE FROM PUBLIC TRANSPORT CUTS.

And when goods cost more (and fares are going up) workers press harder for higher wages.

In the meantime, more traffic means more accidents and greater cost to the NHS. Then there is the social cost of more pollution.

And so on. And so on.

Efficient and comprehensive public transport systems produce savings that never appear on an LRT balance sheet.

And you don't have to be a business tycoon to see that we all stand to profit by them.

CAPITAL TRANSPORT CAMPAIGN

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ON WHAT'S HAPPENING TO LONDON'S TRANSPORT SYSTEMS, WRITE TO CAPITAL TRANSPORT CAMPAIGN, HEADLAND HOUSE, 308 GRAYS INN ROAD, LONDON, WC1X 8DP

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Statesman

Cover photo: Photo Source

Obscene politics
JOAN SMITH analyses the real motives behind the campaign to 'clean up' TV 10

HOME

Nicholas de Jongh: What policemen (sic) see 8
Peter Kellner: As-Tyne-ding statistic 9
James Prior: Why I'm not prime minister 12

FOREIGN

Christopher Price: Following Reagan out of UNESCO 17
Claudia Wright: Israeli penetration of US intelligence 18
Jonathan Mirsky: China's trade with hated Japan 20

WEEKEND

Manning Marable: Louis Farrakhan — a black separatist, radical or reactionary? 23

BOOKS

Charles Fox: Jazz under the Nazis 26
Malcolm Imrie: The post-war working class 26
Mark Thompson: Elias Canetti 27
Shorter reviews 28
Tom Gallagher: N. Ireland 29
William Scammell: Poem 30

ARTS

John Coleman: Films 30
Benedict Nightingale: Theatre 31
Andrew Clements: Opera 32
Donny O'Rourke: Folk music 32

BACKCHAT

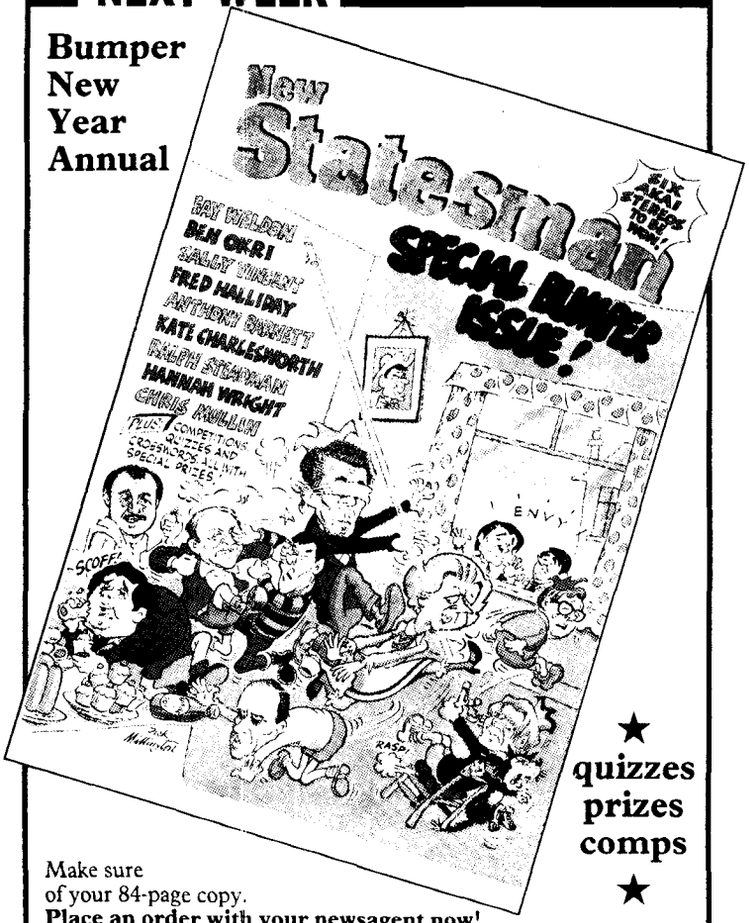
Simon Rae: Herpes 33
Naseem Khan: Work in progress with old and young 34
Hugo Williams: Television 35
Weekend competition 35
Crossword 36

PLUS

Ralph Steadman 8
Meadiawatch: Paul Foot 15
Slump 15
Diary: Islander 16
Roger Woddis 16
This England 20
John Minnion 21
Janis Goodman 39
Chess: George Botterill 39
Quiz 39

NEXT WEEK

Bumper New Year Annual



★ quizzes prizes comps ★

Make sure of your 84-page copy.
Place an order with your newsagent now!
(Did someone say Christmas?)

New Statesman

Vol 110 No 2855 13 December 1985

Law 'n' order mob rides Hurd again

WHEN JUDGE Argyle sentenced a Chelsea supporter to life imprisonment last month for 'waving his fist in a menacing fashion and lashing out with his feet' there were two immediate comments.

The first was that it was a grotesquely disproportionate sentence for the actual offence. The second was that, since the policeman who made the arrest had done so on the grounds that he 'feared a breach of the peace', it was significant that even the government's White Paper on public order last May only proposed a *maximum* sentence of 10 years for the new statutory offence of riot.

It is, therefore, symbolic of the way in which this government is deliberately riding the current wave of hysteria over urban and football violence that when it published its Public Order Bill last week the maximum sentence for riot had without discussion been raised from 10 years to life. Never before has a government used the legislative process in this way to cover retrospectively the excesses of a single trial judge in a single case.

The Public Order Bill as a whole is clearly an attempt to use the present political climate to rush through legislation that represents a further substantial increase in police power and decrease in individual liberty. Under the Bill six days notice would have to be given of any demonstration. This would in effect mark the end of the right of spontaneous protest.

All past experience shows that organisers of demonstrations and marches in practice co-operate with the police on a voluntary basis in their planning. After the 1974 Red Lion Square disturbances, Lord Scarman rejected the idea of advance notice, arguing that it would 'force upon the law a largely unnecessary requirement which can at times be an embarrassment to law abiding citizens'. The notice requirement marks a shift from policing by consent to policing by coercion. The police would also have power to ban *all* demonstrations in a particular area for three months, without requiring a court order, and the power to impose conditions on a demonstration or march and arrest anyone who contradicts them.

The most serious intrusion into personal liberty lies in the new powers that would be given to the police to govern assemblies. If enacted, the police would be able to dictate where an assembly is held, how long it can last and who can attend. It would put an end even to peaceful mass picketing and could be used against peaceful vigils, such as those at Greenham Common or outside embassies.

These powers are reinforced by a battery of statutory public order offences. The ancient common law offences of riot and affray (long thought to be obsolete, but revived in the 1960s) are retained alongside a new offence of violent disorder. The Home Secretary has ignored the advice of his officials and given in to intense police lobbying to introduce new offences associated with rowdy and insulting behaviour.

The prosecution will not be required to produce the alleged victims of such behaviour in court and the police would be given the power to decide on the street what was and was not 'acceptable behaviour'. Those accused of these new offences would not be able to put their defence before a jury, because the Home Secretary has carefully defined the new measures as summary offences, which are dealt with by magistrates alone.

The government also wants magistrates to have the power to ban offenders from football grounds. It is hard to see how such exclusion

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

orders would be enforced, unless this is a prelude to a national system of identity cards, a proposal long favoured by the police and by the Home Office.

Douglas Hurd comes badly out of all this. He was at first billed as being a more reasonable and liberal Home Secretary than his predecessor. But in recent weeks he has been showing where his political priorities lie. He told the Police Federation that he had given in to its protests and watered down the codes governing police conduct under the 1984 Police and Criminal Evidence Act. Now he has caved in to police pressure and effectively given them back the notorious old 'sus' laws that were repealed in 1981.

Above all, the history of this Public Order Bill is final and conclusive proof that there must be structural change at the Home Office. That department is permeated by an ethos of custody and restriction. Its collective thinking is dominated by its direct political responsibility for the police, the prison service, the immigration service and the like. These and other functions should be left with the Home Office as they are with the Interior Ministries of other European countries.

But there is a clear and urgent requirement that responsibility for legislation which regulates the relationship between the citizen and the State should be removed from this environment and given over to a new Ministry of Justice. Otherwise the police will always have the final say with the Home Secretary and, as a result, for institutional quite apart from political reasons the present steady march in the direction of a police state will continue unchecked. □

Britain picks up its marbles

THE SHABBY little statement that Timothy Raison, the Minister for Overseas Development, was required to make to the House of Commons last Thursday, announcing that the government was sticking to its decision to quit UNESCO, was more significant for its symbolism than for its substance.

There are no votes one way or another in UNESCO, so the heated debate about leaving that has been going on for over two years in elite circles has had no domestic political ructions. The money involved is peanuts — £6½ million a year, not much more than the cost of the farcial Cyprus spy trial at the Old Bailey, less than the cost of the redundancy payments that Conrad Black is about to fork out to save the moribund *Daily Telegraph*.

So the 'business efficiency' line of justification in the Raison statement was so much poppycock. At the practical level there was every reason to demand reform in the way UNESCO worked, for lobbying against another term of office for its secretary general Amadou M'Bow and for questioning the huge proportion of its funds spent on the Paris headquarters. But that message had got through, and the whole of Europe and all the Commonwealth countries with the exception of totalitarian Singapore were urging us to stay in and keep up the pressure.

The real reason why Mrs Thatcher insisted that we should come out are described by Christopher Price on page 17. The cloying quality of Mrs Thatcher's evident eagerness to have the endorsement of the Reagan Administration is what marks this UNESCO decision. It goes with her eagerness to break ranks with other European governments in order to become America's first signed up ally in the great Strategic Defense Initiative.

The agreement that Caspar Weinberger and Michael Heseltine signed last week on Star Wars is not worth the paper on which it was typed, except as a little political propaganda for Washington. None of the possible British national objectives in signing a deal with the Americans — a guaranteed volume of work, rights to transferred technology and so on — were conceded by the Americans. The idea that by showing willing, British advanced technology has been cut in as a 'partner' in SDI is laughable. The Americans will sub-contract SDI work in the United Kingdom, if it seems to them to be a sensible thing to do, not otherwise.

But they will do the same in France or West Germany, as American industry always has — whether bilateral inter-government agreements exist or not. In return for this mess of pottage Mrs Thatcher has allowed the Reagan Administration to point to the fact that it now has an ally in Stars Wars, that united European hostility to the project has broken. Such is the nature of the 'special relationship' 1985-style.

The UNESCO decision in the same week encapsulated two further points. The first is the increasingly dictatorial quality of the Prime Minister's political method. The second is the delusion from which she suffers that the United Kingdom is still a self-standing world power.

Everyone knows that the pathetic Timothy Raison was opposed to withdrawal from the organisation. He has spent much of the last year working as openly as he dared to stop it. Within the Cabinet the Prime Minister alone was strongly in favour of quitting. The Foreign Secretary had been persuaded over the past year that on balance we ought to stay in. The clear majority of the Cabinet were in favour of staying in.

On any free vote in the House of Commons, the decision would have been to stay. The Foreign Office took the view that if you had just spent two days at summit meeting of the European Community at which there had been unanimous agreement on five points, one of which was on a separate treaty of co-operation in foreign policy (on the basis of a draft produced by the UK last summer), aimed at intensifying consultation among the ten countries on foreign policy and at steadily greater policy co-operation, then it might demonstrate lack of sincerity if the next day the British government went off on its own over UNESCO, despite the urgent pleas of the other nine.

But she-who-must-be obeyed has now brought her Cabinet to heel (as Jim Prior testifies on page 12), so that there was no whisper of objection in public. In other times Timothy Raison would have made sign of public dissent, or resigned as a matter of principle. He chose instead to pretend to believe the ministerial statement on UNESCO that he was required to read and to stay behind his ministerial desk with his ministerial car and chauffeur. It is almost certain that it will do him no good and that he will get the chop in the next re-shuffle. Caesarism is the order of the day.

More serious from an international point of view is the delusion evident in the UNESCO decision that Britain alone has the right and the authority to lay down the law to international organisations and to the world. It is a delusion encouraged in Mrs Thatcher whenever President Reagan invites her to sit at his right hand.

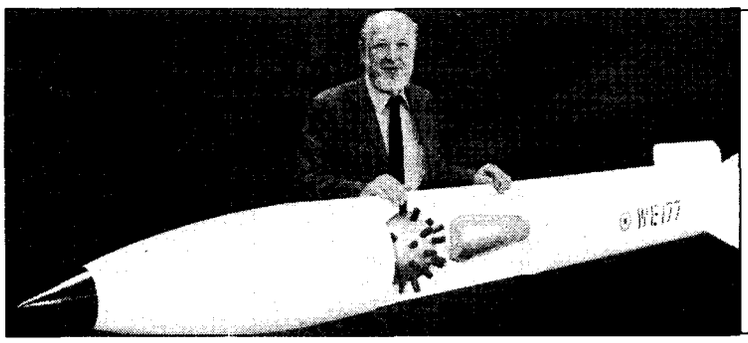
To other countries outside the framework of NATO and the Warsaw Pact the pretension involved in such posturing can only seem preposterous. For Mrs Thatcher to behave as the doyenne of so-called *world* summit conferences which include no representatives, for example, of the governments of China, India, or Brazil, displays a Euro-centric view of the world that bears little relationship to reality.

If President Reagan and his devoted poodle do not like the Third World's view of them as reflected in bodies like UNESCO, perhaps a better starting point than resignation would be to ask the question why should this be so.

A possible answer is that the Third World is demonstrating anti-Western tendencies because the continuing economic, political and cultural policies of the old First World appear to work against its interests and wellbeing. In any event, whatever government succeeds this one must at once take the symbolic step of resuming membership of a UN body that had Sir Julian Huxley as its first director general. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONLY THE SPECIAL RELATIONSHIP IS STOPPING A BRITISH N-TEST BAN



Ex-director of the Stockholm Peace Research Institute Frank Barnaby with a model of the RAF 'tactical' thermonuclear bomb, the WE177.

The spherical plutonium fission bomb 'primary' is on the left. When this is detonated, radiation reflectors around the secondary (right — reflectors not shown) gather energy from the fission explosion, compressing the secondary and raising it to the temperature of the heart of the sun. This process was described last week as 'lighting up the DT' (deuterium and tritium, the hydrogen bomb 'fuel'). The WE177 is a so-called 'dial a yield' bomb and has a variable explosive power; and 'tuning', it was said, is achieved by re-arranging the secondary so as to burn either more or less thermonuclear fuel.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT could carry on building nuclear warheads for Trident missiles, and continue to design modernised nuclear weapons, even if a comprehensive nuclear test ban treaty were to be signed immediately, top British defence scientists said privately last week. There would be only 'some risk' that the resulting weapons would be less reliable

THESE and other insights into British government attitudes to a test ban were offered during a seminar organised by the Council for Arms Control and attended by two of Britain's top nuclear weapons programme executives, both recently retired.

Despite its ability to get around a nuclear test ban treaty, the present British government has withdrawn from direct negotiations and has continued to back the American position of blocking agreement by raising doubts about the 'verification' of a test ban.

The major (real) western reason for blocking negotiations is that the United States is now actively developing a 'third generation' of nuclear weapons, which produce a powerful X-ray laser beam. There is no way that these weapons, which are a vital but little advertised part of the Star Wars programme (little advertised because President Reagan *will* keep saying that Star Wars is non-nuclear), can be developed without nuclear testing.

Publicly, US and British negotiators claim to be worried about the possibility of Soviet 'evasion' of a test ban by advanced technology, using only hard-to-detect low yield tests, if any. In fact, western nuclear technology is far more advanced in this area. According to a former British nuclear weapons chief, there is not much western interest in high yield tests, anyway. It is in fact 'convenient for weapons design reasons to test in the range of 5 to 15 kilotons', far below the present agreed limit of 150 kilotons.

Even if a lower test limit than 15 kilotons were agreed, there was 'no technical reason not to test below (even a) 2 kiloton yield'. And new techniques in use at Aldermaston, which include laser 'implosion' tests of hydrogen bomb fuel, could enable most aspects of nuclear weapons to be tested without using any explosion at all.

British scientists have advised ministers that they could safely agree a threshold of 15-20 kilotons 'without any difficulty'. Even a comprehensive test ban would carry few risks that British nuclear weapons would thereby become less reliable. The only real problem remaining is checking the reliability of the 'primary' trigger (see picture), which the scientists say is extremely fickle. Designing a plutonium 'primary' was repeatedly likened to preparing a soufflé.

Britain tests far fewer nuclear weapons than the US, USSR, or France, partly because the UK stockpile is so small anyway. One defence scientist said that the Defence Ministry may 'take the view that British stockpile is sufficiently small . . . can you afford to (spare weapons to) test them?' Even so, they would feel 'more comfortable if we let one or two off'.

Meanwhile, the USSR has since August announced a unilateral moratorium on nuclear weapons testing, and has invited the West to follow suit.

* *

Army and police get CS gas 'dog sprays' . . .

BRITISH TROOPS and police have been trying out a new anti-personnel weapon, a CS liquid chemical spray. Similar to a small standard aerosol cannister, the new spray can be used to direct CS liquid at close range into a target's face, eyes or mouth. The new sprays, which have been allocated the military code L9A1, were produced by military manufacturers Schermuly Pains Wessex Ltd about two years ago.

The L9A1 spray is stocked by the armed forces, the Ministry of Defence admitted this week. The L9A1 liquid spray has been developed from a similar, older gas spray, type L1A1, produced by Schermuly during the 1970s. The L1A1, according to Schermuly, can fire 50 two second bursts of CS gas before running dry.

The Defence Ministry claimed this week that the L9A1 was really a dog deterrent aerosol used by soldiers in Northern Ireland in covert or other positions to deter dogs which may give away their positions. But the manufacturers say it is equally effective against human beings. 'You can imagine it is pretty painful to man as well as beast', they said.

Leyton Labour MP Harry Cohen this week tabled questions to the Home Office and Defence Ministry about when, how, and why the new cannisters have been developed and produced; and when and if they might be issued for use by troops or police within Britain.

Cohen is particularly concerned to find out how it is supposed that senior officers could possibly hope to prevent the sprays being abused in the heat of battle. Unlike CS gas grenades, where the gas is intended to disperse over a wide area, liquid spray cannisters can be used to inflict extremely high and damaging doses of gas to single individuals in conflict with troops or police during a riot.

Since the Tottenham riots, the Metropolitan police have been testing the L9A1. Army supplies of the gas spray were seen being tested at their riot training centre at Lippettshill, Essex, in October 1985. Scotland Yard's press office claimed this week, however, that 'we don't have any — we don't stock it'. At least, not yet.

. . . while USAF have riot gas grenades?

TROOPS AT AMERICAN BASES in Britain may also be equipped with gas grenades, according to documents recently taken from the US Air Force ammunition dump at Welford, Berkshire, by women from Greenham Common peace camp.

The documents include explosives authorisation forms, specifying the types of arms and ammunition which may be held in each building and bunker. Included in a list, marked 'RAF Form 1004', are 'M52A2 riot grenades', of which some 3,456 can be held. The authorisation, taken from Building 487 at the USAF base, is dated 5 November 1985.

Confirmation of US plans to combat unruly Britons is contained in another US Air Force document obtained by the *New Statesman*, the Exercise Handbook of the 20th Tactical Fighter Wing, based at Upper Heyford, Oxon. The Handbook describes so-called 'Salty Nation' exercises, which are held regularly to 'enhance the wing's capability to transition from peacetime to wartime'. The 'areas to be exercised' in these exercises include, apart from nuclear and chemical attack, 'infiltration and sabotage', 'riots and demonstrations'.

Despite the documents removed from Welford, Colonel Douglas Kennett, public relations officer for the Third Air Force, claimed this week that 'We don't have [M52A2 riot grenades] at Welford. We've checked with our guys there . . . it's a US Army designation. We don't stock it at all in the USAF'.

Duncan Campbell and Patrick Forbes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EVEN ROUGHER JUSTICE AT THE APPEAL COURT

LORD LANE, the Lord Chief Justice, was highly censorious, during last week's Anthony Mycock appeal, of the behaviour of the BBC's *Rough Justice* team. But he neglected even to mention, far less criticise, gross misconduct by the City of Manchester police, and glaring errors in the judicial process, both of which were exposed during the appeal. BOB WOFFINDEN reports

PA

PA

Above: Anthony Mycock, leaving court last week with his prison-issue suitcase, following his acquittal. Left: Anne Fitzpatrick, the unreliable witness.

THE WAY the *Rough Justice* team handled the reinvestigation of the case was surely a peripheral matter, whereas the failures of the police and the Court of Appeal have serious implications for the criminal justice system.

Manchester police were obliged to concede, for example, that the original identification parade which led to the picking out of Anthony Mycock by Anne Fitzpatrick, the principal prosecution witness who later made the blackmail accusations against the BBC journalists, breached the Home Office procedural rules on two counts. First, one of the investigating officers was present at the time. Second, and more serious, the make-up of the parade compromised Mycock in at least two respects: age and height. Mycock, who was then 30 years old, balding and 5' 5" tall, was put on parade with teenage students who were all much taller.

Such a transparent deviation from the rulebook should have been picked up when the case *first* went to appeal. After a series of much-publicised blunders over identification in criminal cases in the mid-70s the judiciary resisted fresh legislation, assuring the then Home Secretary, Merlyn Rees, that in future appeal courts would abide by what became known as the 'Turnbull' guidelines, named after the appellant in a particular case. Under these guidelines the case should have been thrown out because of the breach of police rules. Lawyers have known for some years that the courts have not, in practice, been doing so, and this appeal provided ample confirmation of their continuing failure.

Two other suspects

Before identifying Mycock as the burglar, Anne Fitzpatrick had identified someone else. This was a highly significant factor in the case. But the police didn't disclose it *even to their own solicitors and counsel*, let alone to the defence — as they are obliged to do. Moreover, the police also admitted that they had arrested somebody in connection with the burglary and held him in custody for six hours *even though they knew him to be innocent.*

Nor is it known what kind of deal was reached beforehand between the Director of Public Prosecutions (DPP) and Ms Fitzpatrick, whose retraction on television of her trial testimony led the Home Secretary to refer the case to the Court of Appeal. During the appeal, she admitted explicitly to theft and implicitly to perjury. No charges will be preferred against her. The DPP does not seem to be as accommodating with witnesses who wish to change their testimony to benefit the appellant, as a previous *Rough Justice* appeal case demonstrated (*NS* 12 April 1985).

See also Paul Foot's media column, p 15

London's housing in crisis

LONDON FAMILIES may be forced to live in church halls within a year because councils cannot cope with the increasing number of homeless people. The prediction comes from Lambeth council chairperson Linda Smith, who says that her council soon won't even be able to provide bed and breakfast accommodation.

According to a spokesperson for the housing charity Shelter, another borough, Camden, has already had to turn away homeless families because it couldn't find a bed and breakfast. They agree that it's only a matter of time before the other boroughs have to do the same.

So far, according to GLC figures, 27,500 families in London have been registered as homeless this year, compared with 22,200 in the year ending March 1984. The number of people in bed and breakfast has rocketed from 890 in 1981 to 3,130 last year, and last year boroughs spent £12.5m on bed and breakfast.

The GLC argues that it costs only £7,600 a year to build a council house for a couple and two children compared with £13,000 to keep them in bed and breakfast.

Anton la Guardia

Politics of Aids Round-Up (I)

The denigration of the Terrence Higgins Trust

On 2 December the Cabinet, personified in Norman Fowler, secretary of state for social services, excluded any mention of further funding for the Terrence Higgins Trust (THT) from its new £6.3 million direct grants for 'the fight against Aids' (DHSS term). Community health workers, politicians, and members of the press and public who may have formed a favourable impression of the THT from references to it by government officials or by its representatives' appearances in the media would be appalled if they visited its offices in Mount Pleasant WC1. Formed in 1983 to inform, advise and help on Aids, consulted with respect by every voluntary or state agency dealing with Aids, it operates in abject poverty out of two rooms 24 ft by 12 ft, and 18 ft by 8ft.

The government has to date parted, out of £8.1 million in total of past or prospective Aids-related grants, with £35,000 for THT. This has been matched pound for pound by donations from the lesbian and gay community, which created the THT prior to any initiatives by the state, and which provides virtually all its 213 volunteers, even though THT does NOT confine its work to the gay male risk-group. Many volunteers are working 20 hours a week on top of their real work and 'burn-out' is now frequent. Though new volunteers are crowding forward, funding and space to train them are in chronic shortage. In order to cope with its key role in the UK 'fight against Aids' — a national role consented to when the THT chair Tony Whitehead was co-opted to the DHSS advisory committee on Aids — the THT in financial year 1986-87 is seeking £310,000 for proper rented premises to include a 'drop-in' centre; £398,000 running costs, including extra paid staff; and a substantial sum for seminar, conference and other costs.

Altogether, these needs reach about £1 million, and account for the £1 million demand on behalf of THT made by Michael Meacher, Labour shadow to Fowler, in his statement on Aids of 9 December. THT's London base and pioneering status give it its national significance, but there are other Aids-counselling groups round the country, generally set up on gay initiative and often in areas still without any other competent Aids-advisory service, who on a back-of-an-envelope guess need at least £40,000 to maintain minimal office and staff facilities (*NS* estimate). No promise of funding talks with these, any more than with THT, was made in the ministerial statement of 2 December.

Barney Hayhoe, health minister and Fowler's junior, received a direct face-to-face request from THT prior to the 2 December statement that government include an explicit commitment to put substantial money behind the most admired Aids-counselling enterprise. The omission was accordingly deliberate, and it has concealed from parliament, press and public the fact that the DHSS *is* entering new financing dicussions with the THT, scheduled to reach a conclusion by end-February. £270,000 (on top of an earlier £90,000) was, however, promised openly on 2 December to the six haemophiliac counselling centres in England. The Haemophilia Society has had £35,000, like THT.

No-one, THT or anyone else, grudges the public funds for haemophiliacs who have been at risk from contaminated blood-products. But a terrible calculation is circulating: so far, the government is valuing the expert counselling of gay men, though they constitute over 90 per cent of diagnosed UK Aids cases, at under 0.5 per cent of the valuation placed on the counselling of haemophiliacs, sexual orientation unspecified. Here's the sum. The estimated number of haemophiliacs testing HTLV-3 positive in the UK is about 1,000. State cash for their counselling is already just under £400 a head. The estimated number of gay men/bisexuals testing HTLV-3 positive is some 20,000. State cash for their expert counselling so far is £1.75 a head. A political view of the ministers' 2 December arithmetic is that the emphasis on haemophiliac counselling was 'conscience money', or most literally 'blood money', for the DHSS failure to act swiftly on blood products.

Three days after the Fowler allocations on Aids the British Cabinet's support for the openly homophobic sponsors of the Obscene Publications Bill (*see Joan Smith p10*) was made clear to lobby correspondents. The DHSS ministers are apparently not prepared to face down Tebbit and Thatcher and demand public and financial praise for the efforts of gay-led enterprises to combat Aids. The health ministry subordinates itself to Conservative electioneering.

Andrew Lumsden

This is the first of a monthly look at Aids politics. The address of Terrence Higgins Trust is BM AIDS, London WC1N 3XX.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Non-Militant Left meet to tie down the fundamentals

'A YEAR AGO,' said one speaker at last Saturday's conference of the Labour Coordinating Committee (LCC), 'I would have said we needed to defeat the party behind *Militant* by contesting their ideology and contrasting it with our ideology. I now think that's too celebral.'

And so said all the LCC members, who had gathered in Liverpool for their AGM. They had chosen the city especially in order to encourage those who oppose Militant from a left-wing point of view. Their non-cerebral approach was to collect a dossier of allegations of malpractice by Militant politicians, which they submitted to the Labour Party enquiry. That evidence would show, said LCC vice-chair Peter Hain, that Liverpool council practises right-wing 'boss politics' masquerading as left-wing politics.

At this point in socialist thought, distinctions between what is Left, what is Right and why it matters can become hard to draw. The LCC in Scotland had a go, drawing up a charter (below) for adoption by the national body that would establish where the LCC — the group whose support Neil Kinnock is most anxious to hang on to — now stands. They are looking for firm ground between what Mike Allen from Merseyside called the macho and dogmatic, not to say fanatical, style of the ultra-left and the sort of new realism which tends to float off into infinity when you try to tie it down.

The charter was intended to tie down socialist fundamentals. A large minority of the delegates didn't want a charter at all, for that very reason. They lost to those who want LCC to have a more outgoing role, a shift from London lobbies to nationwide campaigning. (The actual strategy of LCC was not on the agenda for this year's discussion.)

However, the draft charter of the Scottish group was significantly amended, shifting it from the hard Left to the softer side. A declaration against wage restraint became support for a socialist policy on incomes; reference to the leading role of the working class disappeared; a simple commitment to public ownership was refined into various acceptable forms of common ownership, reflecting the Left's second thoughts on nationalisation. LCC's own clause 4 — on how sex and gender fit into class politics — also got changed to avoid suggesting that women and blacks sink their differences in the class struggle.

Sarah Benton

The LCC Charter

1 The immediate importance of campaigning for the return of a majority Labour government under Neil Kinnock's leadership at the next general election, and the rejection of alliances with the SDP, Liberals and other capitalist parties. Recognising the need to popularise and develop support for Labour Party policy in the community, our campaigning should be based on effective parliamentary action working in tandem with strong community and workplace action.

2 Support for a Left Alternative Economic Strategy, emphasising common ownership (which must operate on a democratic basis and which we recognise will include a variety of forms, e.g. workers' co-operatives and municipal enterprise), planning of the economy, planned trade, compulsory planning agreements, a socialist policy for incomes, the needs of women and ethnic minorities and support for the expansion of the public services.

3 An understanding of the class nature of our society is vital in the struggle for socialism and the recognition that giving people control over their own lives is fundamental to this struggle.

4 The need for the Labour movement, as a matter of urgency, to take positive initiatives both internally and externally, to complement and enhance the continuing fight against racism and sexism.

5 Support for socialist internationalism, for national liberation movements throughout the world, for the closure of all foreign bases in Britain and the simultaneous dissolution of the Warsaw Pact and NATO.

6 The establishment of a non-nuclear defence policy for Britain.

7 Recognition of the inherent contradiction between the implementation of the Alternative Economic strategy and continuing membership of the EEC.

8 Recognition that local government re-distributes wealth by the provision of services to the community and is fundamental to the development of socialism at a local level and to the development of socialist values.

9 Support for the early establishment of a Scottish parliament by the next Labour government.

10 Support for the modernisation of Labour Party organisation and campaigning.

11 Consolidation of the democratic constitutional advances made in the Party Constitution since 1979, increased participation by members in the CLPs and affiliated organisations and the maintenance and improvement of the mechanisms of accountability for elected representatives.

12 The need to develop Party and trade union unity, building on the work carried out in the ballots on the political fund.

13 Recognition of the need to build a mass, non-secretarian Labour Party Youth Movement.

14 Rejection of the narrow and secretarian perspectives and strategies of Trotskyism and the ultra left.

MISCELLANY

Nanny state

We've grown so used to having the frontier of the State rolled back for us in Britain that it comes as quite a shock to discover an administration still prepared to hold your hand. The New South Wales government has produced a pamphlet called *How to Stay Friends With a Liberated Woman: New Etiquette for Men*. Here's a flavour of it: 'Ladies, birds, chicks, girls or women? Not so long ago men could choose between these titles without too much thought. What you call a member of the opposite sex has now become a very sensitive issue. Remember, girls are only girls until late puberty, that is until they are about eighteen. After that they are women, just as boys become men. A quick rule of thumb is to try out the offending expression in reverse. If you would not say "My boy will get out the file" . . . then do not use similar terms for women'.

Neil's buggers

Remember that row the other week when Neil Kinnock visited Liverpool and he and Derek Hatton disputed what they'd said to each other? Hatton threatened to release a tape of the exchange. Kinnock replied: please do. But despite repeated requests from Kinnock's office the tape still *hasn't been produced. Word has it that the sound quality is so poor that what was really said can't be heard. The last person to seek refuge in defective taping was Richard Nixon. And look what happened to him.*

Dilatory tendency

Thank you, Militant, — sorry, *Militant* — for all the press releases you've suddenly started sending us. Thanks, too, for the useful information that if we want a detailed response to a story on you we should contact Ken Smith on 01-533 3311. (Pure charity prevents us from publishing Mr Smith's home number.) A little tip, though. There's not much point in sending us something headed 'FOR IMMEDIATE USE' if you then go and put a second class stamp on it. Particularly at Christmas.

Lifegiving judge

Now, a seasonal touch to our vendetta against Michael Argyle, the judge who gives life sentences to football fans he doesn't like the look of, and failed Tory candidate for Belper (1950) and Loughborough (1955). In 1974 he refused bail over Christmas to a 23-year-old on a fraud charge, despite £40,000 bail being offered and the police not objecting.

Leaves a bitter taste

Now that more and more supermarkets are removing South African goods from their shelves, readers may find themselves short of things to boycott this Christmas. If so, we would suggest abstaining from Chilean wines, which are being stocked by Balls Brothers, Unwins, Waitrose, and quite a few others — a complete list is available from Chile Solidarity, 129 Seven Sisters Road, London N7. It includes Oddbins, whose wacky sense of humour was publicised recently by the *Morning Star*: one branch advertised its Concha Toro red wine with these words: 'Don't torture yourself wondering whether this wine is good because it's going to be great . . . it's not a very bad price when you consider how much their electricity bills are . . .' Oddbins have now apologised, but they're still selling the wine.

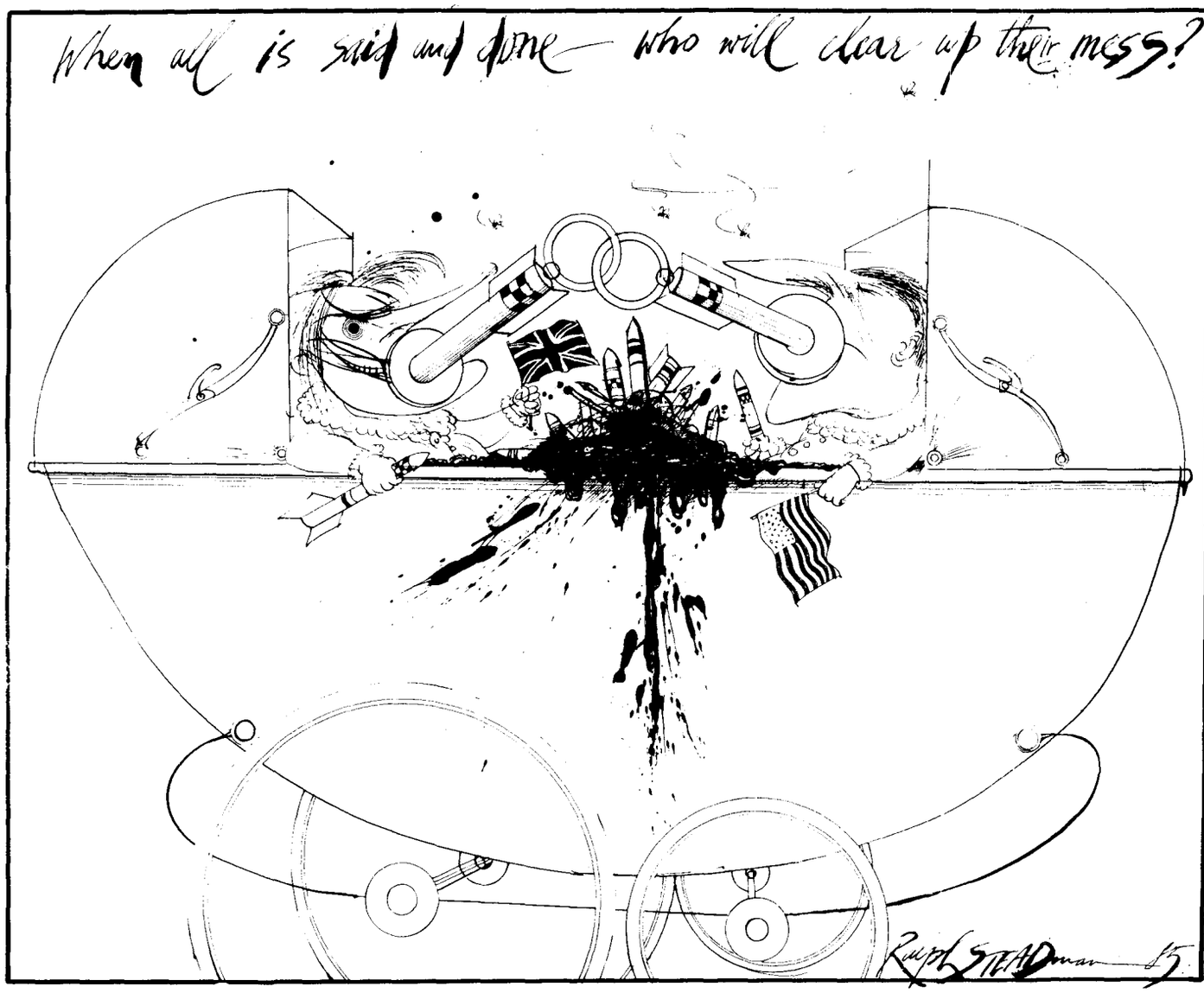
A Dollar Grown Insane

The fourth leader of the Los Angeles Times, *4 December, awakens memories from the days when Ana Gram held sway in these columns. 'Whatever else he may or may not be, Ronald Wilson Reagan probably has the most anagramable name of any American President,' it claims, and goes on to cite INSANE ANGLO WARLORD, A RAW, SNARLING NOODLE, and ALL WRONG ON A SARDINE. Some more: LENINGRAD SALOON BAR, LAND WAR GLORIES ANON, and LONDON WARNS ALGERIA. These aren't original discoveries by the* LA Times — *they were generated by a program written by a New Hampshire computer buff, and reported first in the quarterly magazine* Word Ways. *Remember, you read it here third.*

Correction

Last week's Miscellany incorrectly stated that Lt-Col I. M. Appleton had paid visits to Isle of Wight vicars to enquire about mass burial facilities in the event of nuclear war. In fact, the visits were made by one of his officials, and we understand that disciplinary proceedings are under way. We apologise to Lt.-Col Appleton for the mistake.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



'While looking for car thieves'

I have just spent two days at Knightsbridge Crown Court watching a case which might have been dreamed up by Agatha Christie, Feydeau and John Mortimer plotting together. Three men, one of them deaf and dumb, the second in late middle age, the third a 24-year-old post-graduate, stood accused of gross indecency — the indecency in question being mutual masturbation at 4am one March morning in 1985, in a lane a few yards from the main thoroughfare of Warwick Road, west London.

One of the West Kensington officers giving evidence turned out to have been 'sightless' at the time of the alleged offence. Sitting with two colleagues in an unmarked police-van he would have had to incline his head two or three inches forward to glimpse the alleged mutual masturbation. But couldn't: for that, he told the court, would have caused the suspension of the vehicle to move and alerted the 'guilty men' to the police presence.

A second officer, PC Evans, gave in evidence that from his seat in the van he had on two occasions seen the deaf and speechless man in conversation with the other two accused. Under cross examination he agreed with defence counsel that not once at the time of the incident had there been any sign of the deaf and speechless chap 'signing' — using gesticulatory language. He finally conceded that the handicapped man couldn't actually have been talking.

A third officer, crouched in the back of the van, testified that he could see nothing, for fear that if he raised his head the accused would have seen him through the window. Two at least of the officers appeared to be under the impression they were there at 4am to look for car thieves.

Evidence offered by the Crown suggested that the accused had been extraordinarily mindful of the only sightlines open to police in the van. They had formed, it was said, a triangle at some distance from one-another in the lane's tiny car-parking area — not the sort of close 'huddle' which would manifestly make mutual masturbation what might be described as a going concern. This had enabled PC Evans, he said in evidence, to glimpse each of the men's erect penises. Yet the requirements of any triangle, one of defence counsel tried to suggest, would require placing and movements which would surely obscure the sight of one or all the penises, and allow only a view of backs.

Perhaps they learn differently at police college: 'Arrange three mutually masturbating men in a triangle facing each other at such a distance apart that a police officer watching them at a distance of X feet has an unimpeded view of each man's fully erect member. You may not use slide rules.' The defence suggested that a map/diagram supplied for the court and jury in itself showed that Evans could not have seen what he claimed to have seen.

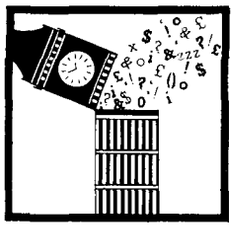
Addressing the jury, judge Dennis Lloyd glided so swiftly, it seemed to me, over the defence case that objections tellingly assembled were scarcely mentioned. In the only passage of conceivable value to the efforts of the defence, the judge told the jury that their only alternative to crediting PC Evans' evidence was to suppose that police had told a 'pack of lies', or made a mistake and had to invent evidence. When the jury returned after 55 minutes they made it clear what they thought of the police case: they found all three men not guilty.

It was then that Judge Lloyd sprung his surprise. A lot of 'public money' had been wasted on the case, he said, a case where there should have been consideration of whether to bring it to any court. The police were not to be blamed, but someone 'higher up' should know what he said. Prosecuting counsel was sure this view would be reported back by the police officers concerned with the case.

One is left to wonder who controls the Metropolitan Police solicitors? Who checks the police with an apparent appetite for 'soft touch' cases of gross indecency? Who should carry the can for the nine months just endured by those three members of the public?

Nicholas de Jongh

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



How to judge polls and by-elections: a case study

PETER KELLNER

YOU WOULD NOT have guessed it from the coverage of the Tyne Bridge by-election result, but the figures contain one remarkable feature.

This will be disclosed later in this column; but first there are some preliminaries to attend to. I owe Dr David Owen an apology. Last week I wrote that his original edition of *Face the Future* contained no reference to proportional representation. I was wrong; it did.

For some reason I had confused the writings of the SDP's leader with those of its President. A few weeks after Owen published his view of British politics, Shirley Williams published hers — *Politics is for People*. This is the book that asked 'What went wrong?' (chapter two), but omitted any mention of our electoral system and looked for reforms in Britain's political institutions (chapter twelve), but failed to include PR.

So, sorry to both for the confusion. Perhaps David should straighten Shirley out if the SDP is to continue to plug PR. And, while he is about it, there is another issue Owen might raise. In the early hours of last Friday morning, on BBC TV's *Newsnight*, Mrs Williams responded to some Gallup results that Peter Snow had showed. She said:

> My real quarrel . . is with the absolutely ludicrous effect on the way people look at results of the opinion polls; because what this [the Tyne Bridge result] has shown is that the opinion polls absolutely get it wrong all the time. I simply fail to understand why people take these extraordinary polls seriously.

Among the 'people who take these extraordinary polls seriously' is Owen. Part of his current campaign on PR is based on a Gallup Poll commissioned by the SDP. In his lecture to the Peel Society a fortnight ago he quoted Gallup's findings showing that most people favoured electoral reform. (He failed to quote another Gallup finding — that most people are satisfied with the present electoral system; but that is by the by.)

Not only did Owen use Gallup to measure public opinion before his speech and before John Cleese's party political broadcast for the SDP; Owen paid Gallup to repeat its questions last weekend to find out whether public opinion has shifted. He clearly does not share Williams's view that 'opinion polls absolutely get it wrong all the time'.

One commentator who goes some of the way with Williams is Alan Watkins. In last Sunday's *Observer*, he wrote that the polls 'underestimated Alliance support at the last general election'. The eve-of-poll predictions of Alliance support by the five main polling organisations were: Gallup 26 per cent; Harris 26 per cent; Marplan 26 per cent; NOP 26 per cent; MORI 26 per cent. And the Alliance's actual share? 26 per cent. (Audience Selection got it wrong; they *over*estimated Alliance support by three points, as a result of their defective system of telephone surveys.)

The trouble is that one bad poll wipes out the memory of dozens of good ones. MORI came unstuck at Brecon and Radnor, predicting a big Labour victory instead of a narrow Liberal win. *Newsnight*'s exit poll at Tyne Bridge predicted a 13 point Labour win; Labour's actual majority was 28 points.

WHEN PREDICTIONS go astray, everyone's (except the pollsters') first instinct is to mock the defective polls — and, often, to dismiss *all* polls. It is more sensible to find out why they went wrong. MORI conducted an extensive post-mortem after Brecon to make sure it does not repeat its mistakes there. *Newsnight*'s Vincent Hanna has analysed his figures from Tyne Bridge. For the record this is what happened.

Altogether 1,707 people were interviewed for *Newsnight* at 12 polling stations just after they had voted. 56 per cent said they had voted Labour, 32 per cent SDP and 11 per cent Conservative. This finding — creditably close to the real result — was not broadcast. Instead, Hanna and the team from Oxford's Nuffield College who do the number-crunching on these occasions took into account how people claimed they voted in 1983. For example, 164 people said they had switched from Labour to Alliance, while just 16 said they had moved in the opposite direction.

This kind of information was used to build up a 'transition matrix' to calculate the swing since 1983. *Newsnight*'s prediction was based on this calculation. However, the *same* method got it right at Brecon: Labour had a 12 point lead among those sampled — but Hanna's (correct) prediction of a narrow Liberal win derived from his 'transition matrix' adjustment.

This adjustment works well — if, and only if, two conditions are met. First, there is no differential abstention; and, second, if people recall accurately how they voted last time. At Tyne Bridge it is likely that neither condition was met: the low turnout probably did cause differential abstentions and some traditional Labour supporters probably forgot that they voted Liberal in 1983. The answer, I believe, is to make sure that the original sample of polling stations and voters is carefully devised and for the raw data to be broadcast. As the 1983 election becomes more remote — and memories fade of last-minute decisions to vote for the Alliance — the transition matrix is likely to become increasingly suspect.

With those polling excursions out of the way, we may proceed to the result itself and that remarkable fact I promised. *Labour's 58 per cent at Tyne Bridge is the highest share of the vote the party has achieved at any mid-term by-election in England since 1972.*

Most immediate comments suggested Labour should have done a lot better. Professor Anthony King was typical: the party's share he said on TV, 'ought to be around 70 per cent if Labour were to be back in the fight.'

How short memories are. In 1976 in a by-election in Newcastle Central — whose boundaries overlap with Tyne Bridge — Labour won 48 per cent and the Liberals 29 per cent on a 41 per cent turnout. Compared with that election, Labour has done ten points better and the Liberals much the same.

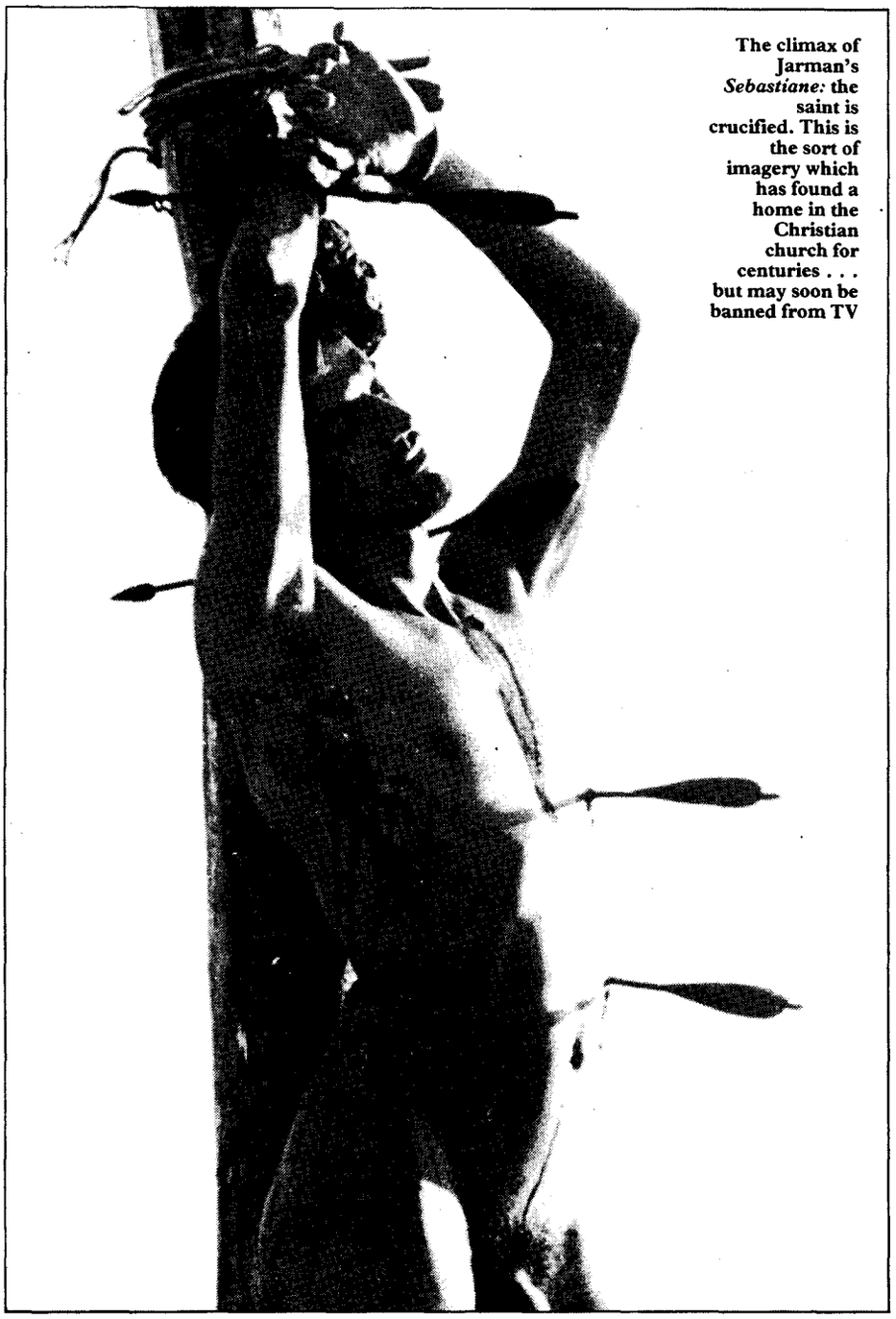
Down the road, in Chester-le-Street in 1973, Labour's share fell from 72 to 53 per cent. The Liberals, who had not contested the seat in 1970, won 39 per cent. Compared with those figures, Tyne Bridge was a triumph for the peoples' party. In other parts of England, Labour has routinely done badly in safe seats in by-elections — and often on low turnouts. In Peckham two years ago it was 38 per cent, in Birmingham Ladywood in 1978 it was 43 per cent, and in Lambeth Central the same year 44 per cent.

Southwark in 1972 (turnout 32 per cent) was the last time Labour's vote topped 60 per cent in a mid-term by-election in England. The other high percentages have either been obtained in Scotland or Wales, or in by-elections held just after a general election. Labour's 71 per cent in Manchester Exchange in September 1979 (on a 34 per cent turnout) came just four months after Mrs Thatcher came to power.

The real problem with Labour's performance last week lies not with its percentage vote but with the turnout. When all the adjustments for outdated registers have been made, the number of abstentions in inner city contests remains appallingly high. People at the sharp end of Thatcherism are responding by sitting at home rather than seizing the opportunities they have at the ballot box to vote for an alternative.

It is an extension of the same phenomenon that has led to alienation of some local Labour parties from their electors: apathy begets unrepresentative Labour parties which beget unpopular local policies which beget by-election defeats. In Liverpool, for example, Labour lost Dingle Ward last April to the Alliance and on a similar swing would lose Old Swan Ward in a by-election to be held on 9 January. If the Revolutionary Socialist League is to sustain its claim, via its weekly newspaper *Militant*, to speak for the people of Liverpool, it needs a decisive Labour win. We shall watch what happens with interest.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The climax of Jarman's *Sebastiane:* the saint is crucified. This is the sort of imagery which has found a home in the Christian church for centuries . . . but may soon be banned from TV

MRS MARY WHITEHOUSE'S PRIVATE MEMBER

JOAN SMITH looks at the real motives behind Winston Churchill Jr's Bill to 'clean up television'. The Bill's backers' professed concern to discourage violence against women thinly disguises a greater obsession with homosexuality

THERE IS A curious inconsistency at the heart of the current campaign to clean up television. Winston Churchill, Conservative MP for Davyhulme and prime mover of a bill to extend the scope of the 1959 Obscene Publications Act to television and radio, says he is worried that 'impressionable' people are being driven to 'copy-cat crime' by what they see on television. He is particularly concerned about violence against women, he says, and the extent to which this sort of crime involves the degradation of women.

Yet when you ask Churchill precisely what he would like to see removed from the nation's television screens, he immediately cites two Derek Jarman films which were recently shown on Channel Four: *Sebastiane* and *Jubilee.* 'In the case of *Sebastiane',* he says,'there's what might be called a court jester prancing around. Enter six men with huge false penises. They ejaculate all over his face.' Sir Nicholas Bonsor, Conservative MP for Upminster, is even more forthright about what he wants banned from television. 'Explicit homosexual acts,' he says firmly with other 'very explicit' sexual acts only in second place.

What, you might ask, has all this got to do with violence against women? The target of the campaign becomes even clearer when the two MPs get on the the subject of what they *don't* want banned from TV. Although Churchill deplores the fact that so much violence is 'thrust before young people', his bill is not intended to touch one of the most violent programes currently being shown on television, the American police series, *Starsky and Hutch.* Nor is Bonsor worried about the effects of this particular programme. 'Things like that are innocuous and great fun,' he says.

This is not a view shared by Mary Whitehouse, the veteran clean-up-TV campaigner, who attacked *Starksy and Hutch, Hill Street Blues* and other 'cops and robber' favourites last week. But it goes a long way to clarify the actual, rather than the stated, objects of the current parliamentary campaign. The point has not been lost on Geoffrey Robertson, the barrister widely regarded as one of the foremost experts on the workings of the 1959 Act. 'It's quite interesting that the things they've singled out in particular are to do with homosexuality, and that is no doubt one of the motives of their campaign,' he says.

NONE OF THIS is to say that there is no reason for concern about the amount and nature of violence shown on television. Feminists have been expressing concern about the portrayal of sexual violence in particular for some years. Some have even explicitly allied themselves with Mary Whitehouse on this issue. ('I think Mary Whitehouse is wonderful and I agree with her,' said a member of Women Against Violence Against Women who took part in a BBC television discussion on pornography a few years ago. 'I'm a prude myself and quite proud of it.')

It is however, an unstable alliance. Those Conservative MPs who have used feminist language to support bills against child pornography, sex shops and obscenity in the last few years clearly do not share the fundamental feminist premise: that the sexual and economic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inequality between men and women is the primary cause of the sexual abuse of women.

But, surely, before anyone rushes legislation through Parliament, we ought to know what we are talking about? What is the evidence linking the explicit portrayal of sex, or of violence, or both, on television with the commission of acts of violence? Winston Churchill's mind is made up. 'There is an undoubted link between the ready availability of violent, sadistic and obscene material and escalating levels of violent and sexually related crime,' he says. He cites examples. While reviewing the day's newspapers for TV-AM last week, he came across the case of a deaf and blind 86-year-old widow who had been sexually abused and murdered. At the inquest into her death, he says, the coroner expressed the view that 'horror films and videos' might have exacerbated the crime.

Then he mentions the case of a man who attacked two girls, one 12, the other 13. 'When police went to arrest him, they found a mass of pornographic material in his home,' he says. The third case he refers to is that of 'a young mother who battered her sadistic lover to death' after suffering years of violence at his hands. Although he admits there was 'no specific reference to pornography' in this instance he nevertheless finds it suggestive.

Harrowing though these cases are, however, they do not constitute *evidence*. They are the kind of anecdotes which might be bandied about at a discussion on the subject of pornography and violence at dinner parties or in pubs up and down the country. And that is precisely the problem with much of Churchill's 'evidence'. He has not even seen the two Jarman films he is objecting to, but 'I met somebody last week . . . He and his wife had been to a dinner party . . . They get back and find their two little darlings aged 12 and 13 with their eyes *glued* to the goggle box' watching a Jarman film. Nevertheless, Churchill considers himself in a position to describe both films as 'grotesque'.

Sir Nicholas Bonsor, who withdrew his own bill to amend the obscenity laws in favour of Churchill's appears at first sight to be more circumspect. The link between portrayals of violence and actual violence is 'extremely difficult to prove or disprove,' he says. But then he throws caution to the winds. 'Common sense tells one there must be a link,' he adds.

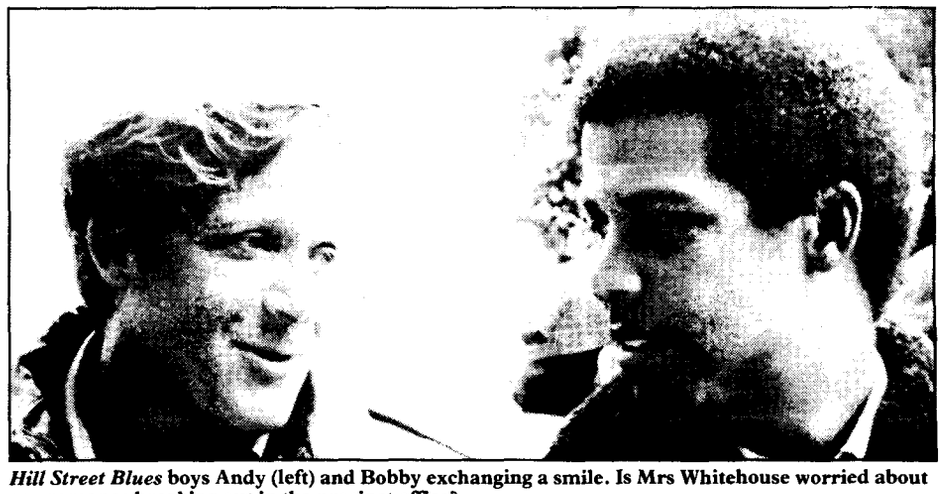
This view is shared by *Times* columnist Ronald Butt. In a recent article on the connection between pornography and rape, which ends with an approving word for Churchill's bill, Butt argues that any example of pornography 'may stimulate an unstable man to take what he wants by force and to learn to relish the violence.'

Interestingly, none of these champions of a change in the law makes reference to the research which has been carried out into the possible effects of watching violence on television. That task has been left to the *Mail on Sunday*, which last weekend reported that research conducted in the US has established that people who watch a lot of violence on television are much more likely to be violent themselves. 'The evidence for this is at least as strong — and probably a good deal stronger — as the evidence that cigarette smoking can lead to lung cancer', the paper announced confidently.

It based its claim, in part, on a study of a group of nine-year-olds which started in 1960 and continued for 22 years. 'That study showed that the children who watched the most violent TV grew up to be convicted of criminal offences 150 per cent more often than those children least involved in violent entertainment,' the paper says. What it does not mention is that other American research — not to mention simple logic — suggests that a chicken-and-the-egg problem exists with this sort of finding. Studies have shown that aggressive adolescent boys are keener on violent programmes than non-aggressive boys. So do boys become violent because they watch violent television? Or do violent boys watch violent television because they enjoy it?

The same sort of problem arises when crime statistics are used in support of the contention that there is a link between violent programmes and violent behaviour. Ronald Butt's article makes just this connection; a rise in the incidence and brutality of rape in this country has coincided he says, with the years in which 'very little restraint is now exercised, even on television, over sadistic entertainment.'

The problem of this sort of argument is that it fails to take into account all the other things that have accompanied the rise in rape. (I do not intend here to get into the argument about whether the increase in rape is real or due to greater willingness to report it.) The present government's policies, which have resulted in mass unemployment and seething discontent in the inner cities, immediately come to mind. Indeed, an off-the-top-of-my-head feminist analysis might run as follows. Rape is a means of asserting power. Unemployment deprives men of economic power. Some have compensated for this loss by asserting physical power over women in the form of rape. An increase in violence on television merely reflects an increase in violent crime in society. It's only an opinion, but then this whole debate is short on facts.



Channel 4

Hill Street Blues **boys Andy (left) and Bobby exchanging a smile. Is Mrs Whitehouse worried about gay romance breaking out in the precinct office?**

WHATEVER THE shortcomings of his case, all the signs are that Churchill's bill stands a good chance of becoming law next autumn. That is a tribute to the organisation and influence of the pro-censorship lobby. MPs who come near the top of the ballot for private members' bills are inundated with suggestions from all sorts of pressure groups. When Churchill and Bonsor came, respectively, second and sixth in the ballot last month, two draft bills to tighten up the obscenity laws were already being touted.

One was the brainchild of Lord Nugent, the former Conservative MP for Guildford and pillar of the Surrey establishment; the other originated with Mary Whitehouse. Nugent persuaded Bonsor to take on his draft bill to redraw the definition of obscenity to make it easier for juries to convict. Churchill talked to Nugent, and also received synopses of the two Jarman films from pro-censorship groups. 'Having had a very good look at all the competing claims,' he says, 'I felt that the single most useful thing I could attempt to do was to protect young children in this way.' Bonsor then withdrew to give Churchill's bill a clear run.

At first sight, Churchill might seem an odd choice to lead a moral crusade. The 45-year-old grandson of Sir Winston is perhaps best known not for his parliamentary career but for his confession in 1979 that he had been the lover of Soraya Khashoggi, former wife of a wealthy arms dealer. Even odder is the appearance among the bill's sponsors of Cyril Smith, Liberal MP for Rochdale. In the early Sixties, Smith was involved in the running of Cambridge House, a hostel for teenage boys in the town. In 1979, several young men provided sworn statements to a local alternative paper, describing how they had been beaten on the bare buttocks by Smith while they were teenagers living in the home.

Nevertheless, the Prime Minister's support for the bill, signalled in the Commons last week, gives it a bright outlook as its second reading approaches on 24 January. So what will its effect be if it does find its way into law? Up to now, most commentators have assumed it will severely restrict what can be shown on television. A surprising view comes from barrister Geoffrey Robertson.

'It will strike a great blow for freedom of communication,' he said last week. Robertson's view is that television would enjoy *more* freedom under the Obscene Publications Act than under the conspiracy laws which currently govern its output. 'I defy any jury to convict under the Obscene Publications Act anything that's been screened by the BBC and IBA, or anything that's likely to be screened,' he said.

Churchill's intention of drawing up a list of acts which cannot be shown on television is doomed to failure, Robertson says — obscenity commissions have tried to do it, and failed. 'The simple fact is that under the regime of the Obscene Publications Act, television could get away with much more than it presently shows. It may be a good thing to have a few test cases to show that juries are a lot more robust than those who purport to speak on their behalf.' □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHY I'M NOT THE PRIME MINISTER

Camera Press

'James dear, just shut up and watch how a *real* politician does it . . .'

For seven years, JIM PRIOR served under Margaret Thatcher in opposition and government, as the chief spokesman for 'old' conservative values in economic affairs. Then in 1981 he was 'shuffled' to the Northern Ireland office. He resigned from the front bench in 1984. In an interview for the Channel 4 series *The Writing on the Wall* he spoke frankly to JEREMY MAYHEW about how he misjudged the mood of the country and of Mrs Thatcher

ONE THEME of policy that emerged in the Opposition period which I think distinguished Mrs Thatcher's leadership from Mr Heath's was that she was much more nationalistic. I have particularly in mind the remark she made on television about 'swamping' by immigrants.

Because she didn't find it easy to get her own way round the shadow cabinet table, she would tend to make policy on television. She made a good deal of immigration policy on television, in the knowledge that once she had said it on television, it was quite difficult for the party to get out of honouring the commitment that had been made.

She didn't actually make any firm commitment about immigration during that particular broadcast, but the use of certain emotive words certainly swung the argument very much her way, and left poor old Willie Whitelaw, who was shadow Home Secretary at the time, quite a difficult job of trying to clear up what actually Conservative policy was.

We at the time thought it was inexperience. I don't believe it was inexperience at all, I think it was just her way of making certain she got her way. I don't think we appreciated at that time that she was the very strong determined leader that she has subsequently turned out to be.

Monetarism

By 1979, did you realise that the commitment to monetarism was of a different order from that which had applied in 1970, which would be held to, even in rough times?

I took it that quite a bit of it was opposition rhetoric which would be moderated by the influences of government. I failed to recognise that the mood of the country had changed, and it was much more ready for a move to the right in British politics. Mrs Thatcher very much caught that mood and I have to say that I think she was much more in tune with people than I was. I was much more worried about what the impact of those policies would have on people's political thinking and on the social structure of the country than apparently the people were themselves.

Soon after the new government came into office came the second oil shock. Was the effect of that appreciated in the first judgments of the government?

The increase in the price of oil was underestimated. It was thought that this would help our currency and would therefore lessen the shock of the increase. But the effect that this had on 'petro currency' was that it put our currency up beyond its proper value.

And therefore you've got a double effect; you've got the effect of the general recession on British industry combined with the very high value of the pound, which also affected British industry very considerably. There was quite a large part of British engineering and the more metal-bashing type of industries, which really never recovered.

There were some Ministers who said you can't do anything about it, and there were almost the same Ministers who said: Well actually, it's what British industry needs. It's going to really sort those who are good from those who are bad. I personally thought that the policy was much too severe. I have to admit in retrospect that British industry took a lot more punishment than I expected them to take. Perhaps I shouldn't use the word 'punishment', but some of the corrections were necessary. I would regard as one of Mrs Thatcher's best achievements the fact that she did change the atmosphere both as far as management and unions were concered.

Trade union law

What was the main purpose of your own trade union Act?

The problem for me was to try to maintain a dialogue with the trade unions. I was haunted by the fact that towards the end of the Heath period, the understanding of Conservative Ministers of trades unions was getting pretty thin, and I was determined that we should never lose touch and so I wanted to go through a prolonged period of consultation before introducing legislation and this I found frustrated. My colleagues couldn't understand why I didn't want to get on with it more quickly.

I used to sit on one side of the table and have about 10 or a dozen trades union leaders sitting on the other side of the table. They were very strong at that time and people like Len Murray and Harry Urwin (TUC General Secretary, and TGWU Deputy General Secretary), who did most of the talking, were reasonable but very determined that they should give nothing away at all. So the discussions came to nothing, but they enabled a dialogue to continue, and enabled me to introduce the legislation in a rather better atmosphere than otherwise would have been the case. And the truth of the matter is that neither the Labour Party nor the trades unions were able to get a concerted attack on the legislation off the ground. They just couldn't do it.

It also became apparent to me that whereas the legislation would never be properly effective in the first period of Conservative government, the important thing was that if we won a second time, the trades unions would have to come to terms with it. It was very important not to push the thing too far in the first period.

But it was your intention to do more?

Yes I think I would have taken it probably more slowly, but I think that would have been my mistake. Norman Tebbit actually got his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THIS CHRISTMAS OVER 600 MINERS' FAMILIES STILL NEED YOU

40 STILL LOCKED IN

A message from Peter Heathfield, NUM General Secretary:

'Striking miners and their families fought courageously for 12 months against pit closures, the destruction of their communities and to secure jobs for their children. They stood firmly for trade union rights in the face of a brutal police force, a biased judiciary and a prejudiced media.

Some 660 miners have paid a particularly bitter price for their loyalty to trade unionism; 620 remain sacked, mainly for trivial offences – picketting and coal picking. 40 are in prison, despite the doubts cast on police evidence by the collapse of the Orgreave and Mansfield trials.

Christmas for these miners and their families will be very difficult this year. **They stood by the trade union movement in the fight for the right to work.**

Please stand by them this Christmas.'

Neil Martinson

620 STILL LOCKED OUT

Ian MacGregor said of the miners: **'They are paying the price of insubordination, and boy! are we going to make it stick!'**

You can show what you think of that attitude by giving generously to the Miners' Solidarity Fund (established to look after the jailed and victimised miners).

Show your solidarity this Christmas.

Please make cheques payable to Miners' Solidarity Fund, c/o NUM, St James House, Vicar Lane, Sheffield.

Or pay cash in through any bank quoting Miners' Solidarity Fund, Co-op Bank, Sheffield Branch, Account No 30000009, Bank Sorting Code 08-90-75.

NS 13/12/85

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

legislation through, again a good deal more quietly than I would have expected. It's almost inconceivable to someone like myself who did actually see the passage of the Industrial Relations Act and all that happened subsequently to recognise the difference that there was between '79 and the present day, where the mood of the country had changed. The union leaders had vastly exceeded their authority in the eyes not only of the public generally, but also of their own members, and therefore the mood was right for rather more legislation, and after all quite a lot more union bashing than I ever thought would be justified or politically acceptable.

Weakness of the 'Wets'

Had you expected in the first two years of the government that the rise in unemployment would be as high as it was?

I think one realised that a combination of deflationary measures together with the world recession was bound to lead to a considerable rise in unemployment. And at that time we were talking — perhaps of it going up from 1,200,000 to 1.5 or 1,600,000. I don't think anyone at that time anticipated it would go above 2 million, let alone up to 3 million plus.

Were you happy with the flexibility of the government's response or did you argue for different policies?

In the early years of the government, there was a constant — I would say battle is too strong a word — but there was constant debate about the economic policies the government was pursuing. A number of us felt that it was far too deflationary, that it was wrong to be reducing the borrowing requirement of the government at a time of world recession, that actually this was a time when one could afford to have a rather bigger borrowing requirement, and that the cost of unemployment both in social and economic terms was too high. And this was what the great debate in government was about, and it really was a very good debate.

There were never more than five or six at the most out of 20 (in the Cabinet) who took a different view from the general drift of government's economic policy. And so we weren't ever likely to win, but we were able to put our view strongly and I think it was a very good Cabinet at that time — in fact it was the best Cabinet I've been in.

Did the dissenting Ministers, the wets as they came to be known, ever organise?

I can't say that we ever got together to discuss our concerns. We did have desultory and periodic meetings between a few of us when we got more than usually het up about affairs, but, generally speaking, Conservative Cabinets and Conservative Ministers and Members of Parliament don't like forming up in cabals and so on, and therefore there was a great reluctance to do this.

And again even though a number of us might have agreed on economic policy, there was quite a sharp difference on other policies. For example, Ian Gilmour was for much tougher legislation on trades unions than I was.

The 1981 budget

In the spring of 1981, the Chancellor introduced a very tough budget, taking money out of the economy. What was your reaction?

Quite frankly I thought the 1981 budget was a shocker. It was a deflationary budget at a time of worldwide recession, and with the British economy pretty well on its knees, I felt that this was really just pushing further into the ground an economy and particularly industry, which was already suffering a great deal. So I didn't like the 1981 budget at all, and I was cross that there had been no proper discussion in Cabinet ahead of the budget as to what should happen.

Did you consider resigning?

Yes. The reason in the end I didn't resign was because the government was at a very low ebb. I was elected and wished to support a Conservative government. And I thought I would be pretty ineffective in opposition. I've never regarded myself as being a rebel as such.

I still think that the whole way in which the budget is controlled in secret by the Treasury in conjunction with the Prime Minister is a bad way to try to run a successful economy. The sole reason for it is because this gives power to a Chancellor and to the Treasury, which otherwise they simply would not have, and I think it's the wrong way to obtain power, because it avoids them having to argue their case. I'm certain if they had had to argue their case in 1981 they would never have got away with it.

That summer, there appeared to be a political crisis, with the Prime Minister and Chancellor alone supporting the Treasury's public expenditure plans.

The Treasury's argumentation in the paper in front of Cabinet in 1981 was pretty thin, and as a result of that a number of people who previously had supported the Treasury view, said: Look, this wasn't good enough and the Treasury must think again about it all. There was a consensus that the Treasury had got it wrong. The Prime Minister said: Well, we'll put it on one side and we'll return to it in September after we've had a chance to look at it afresh.

What she had done by the time we came back to discuss it again was to have changed the Cabinet round. She got a lot of new people into new positions. Some of those who were most articulate in expressing opposition were either moved out of the Cabinet or moved into less exposed positions. And so the whole atmosphere changed.

Going into exile

The most telling shift in this reshuffle was of Jim Prior himself from the economic team to Northern Ireland. Unusually, he let it be known he did not want to move — and then went.

One has to understand that in the summer of 1981 we had the riots in the inner cities, we had a very depressed economy, we'd had a budget which certainly appeared to be very deflationary, and unemployment rising rapidly. I was the lone voice representing my part of the party, and in the country as well. I didn't want to be moved away from the centre of economic policy.

I felt I had to make my views well known in order to gamble on being able to stay. In the event I lost. I'm glad I made the decision to go to Northern Ireland; certainly I don't think I could have made any other decision at that time, and subsequently I think I convinced people in Northern Ireland that it was worthwhile. But it was a bad start to going to Northern Ireland, and a bad ending as far as my influence on economic policy was concerned.

Norman St John Stevas, says that your decision to do that was a mortal blow to the wets' case. Did you feel that by playing it that way you'd weakened your side's case?

Oh yes, I think that the way I played it and subsequent events considerably weakened my case and my authority, and also the case of the moderates on the Conservative back benches. I think I got it wrong and if I had my time over again I would play it differently. But it was just one of these things that happened. I was out-manoeuvered by the Prime Minister. Probably the reason why she's Prime Minister and I'm not.

After the reshuffle, how different was the mood in that Cabinet?

I don't think it was ever as good a debating forum again. There was more and more control by the Prime Minister. To that extent there was greater cohesion in Cabinet, because there were a lot of new faces who owed their promotion much more to her than to their record in the party. I don't think it was as good a Cabinet and certainly the debates on economic policy really ceased to exist. □

Jeremy Mayhew is the producer of the final programme in The Writing on the Wall, *to be shown next Sunday. There is a book of the same name, by Phillip Whitehead, published by Michael Joseph.*

Tribute

Mrs Thatcher is a radical and she's a populist radical. In a strange sort of way she has been able to articulate people's views. She's been very clever in that when the government was doing a lot of unpopular things she was able to be leader of the Opposition again and say 'Well this is what the government's doing but I don't believe a word of it.' I think people admire her courage and her determination and her strength. At least they feel she's giving the country a sense of direction.

THE SECRET DOCTRINE

There is a tradition of an Ancient Wisdom relevant, however, to any age and people. It tells of the eternal verities of existence, of Universal processes and laws which are of the nature of Nature herself - of whom we are all part.

This must be of interest to real thinkers . . .

For information write to:
The Blavatsky Trust (B)
P.O. Box 16, London W3 6HS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEDIA

Fact finding journalism 'out-of-date'

PAUL FOOT

WHICH SHOCKS you most — a man forced to spend two and a half years of his life in a stinking jail for something he did not do, or some tough tactics to find out the facts to clear him?

The question was put to the media last week as they set about reporting the Court of Appeal case of Anthony Mycock. Mr Mycock was sent to prison in 1983 for a burglary. The only evidence against him was his identification by the woman who said she had been robbed — Anne Fitzpatrick.

Mr Mycock vehemently denied his guilt. His case eventually found its way to Justice, the British section of the International Commission of Jurists. Over the last three years, Justice has given some of its more shocking dossiers of verdicts to the energetic BBC team who produce the programme *Rough Justice*. The idea for the programme came in 1982 from its two main reporters, Peter Hill and Martin Young. Both are journalists of skill and experience. Their programmes in 1982, 1983 and this year have resulted in an astonishing record of references to the Court of Appeal, overturned verdicts, and freed prisoners.

As soon as they got the Mycock case from Justice, both men were struck by the inconsistencies in Anne Fitzpatrick's evidence. In the first three days of their inquiry they discovered (as apparently the Manchester police had not) that Anne Fitzpatrick was a known fantasiser. The two men went to America and interviewed her. On camera, she said there had been no robbery; that she had made the whole thing up.

When the case came to the Court of Appeal, Anne Fitzpatrick alleged that the reporters had forced the interview out of her by threatening to expose her lesbian relationship. This was vigorously denied by both reporters. They presented to the court more than five hours of tapes of their interviews with Anne Fitzpatrick in which the word 'lesbian' or 'gay' was never mentioned.

Anne Fitzpatrick told the court that the robbery *had* taken place, though a mass of new evidence destroyed her original story about it. She's told the police that a television set had been stolen. In fact, as the court heard, she had sold the set (which was not hers) for £25. She'd told the police her passport had been stolen. In fact, as the court heard, she'd used it to get to America.

The case against Mycock was a shambles. The conviction has to be quashed. Judges hate admitting their system can go wrong, so it was perhaps natural that Lord Chief Justice Lane should seek to disguise the scandalous injustice done to Tony Mycock by spouting his indignation about the 'outrageous' methods used by the BBC reporters to get at the truth. (Judges can say what they like, by the way, entirely free of the libel laws.)

What of the media, however? Did they respond by defending their right to investigate, so handsomely vindicated by Tony Mycock's release?

The most forthright answer came from the *Daily Mail* (6 December) with a front page headline 'OUTRAGEOUS CONDUCT BY BBC: MPs Join Attack On Investigation Methods.' The piece was by-lined 'Daily Mail Reporters' perhaps because they dared not name themselves in such a nasty attack on their own craft. The story, which went on to page two, consisted of 25 paragraphs, and devoted only four to the false conviction of Tony Mycock. All the rest fulminated (occasionally through predictable Tory MPs) in 'fury' about the 'BBC methods'. It revealed that 'Home Office Ministers' were considering what to do about the reporters. Perhaps they were considering prosecutions for perverting the course of injustice.

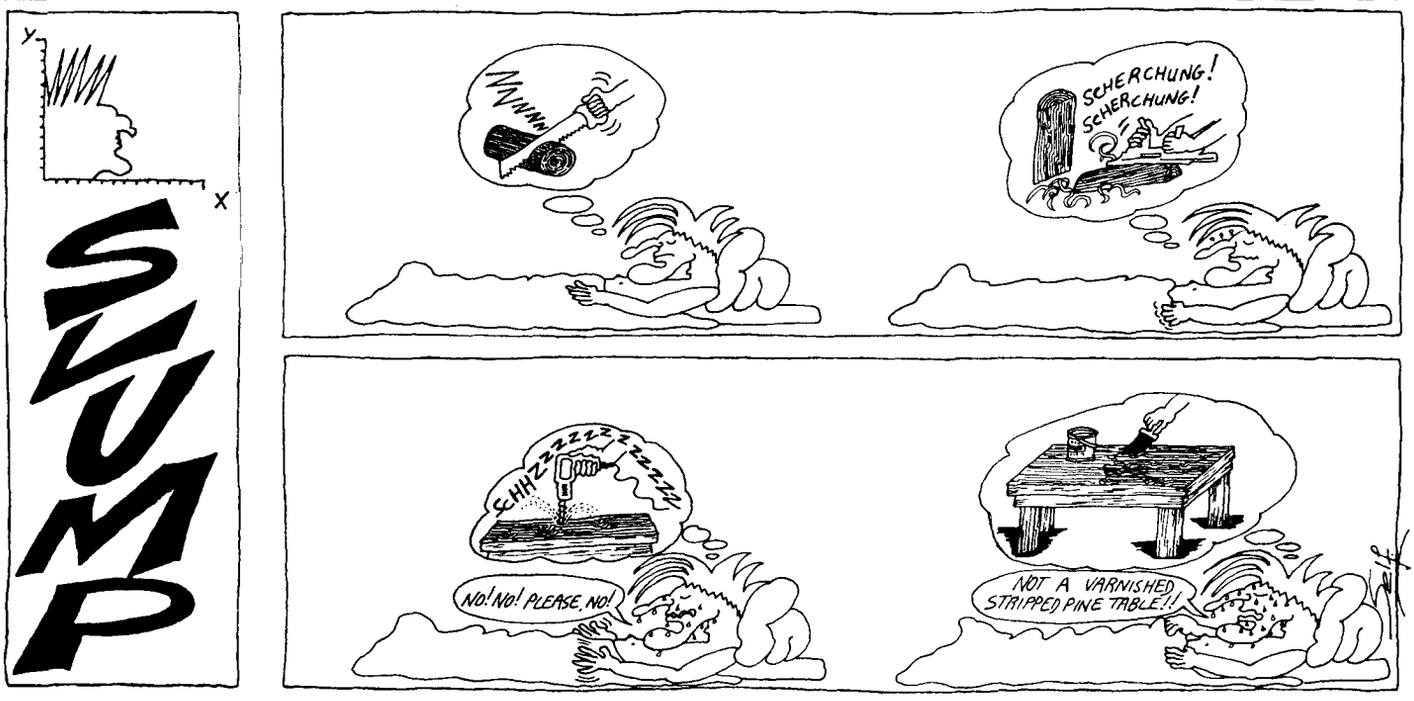
The same priority was given to the story in most of the newspapers (*Daily Telegraph*: "BBC Inquiry as Rough Justice Man is Freed'; *Sun*: 'TV "Freedom Men" Rapped'; *Express*: 'Law Chief Lashes BBC Team Over "Trial by Menace"'.) Only *The Mirror* and *The Times* picked out the 'rough justice' itself for headlining.

In part, all this sprang from the general Press dislike of the BBC, at a time when most newspaper proprietors have their eyes and pockets fixed on the potential riches of cable television. Much worse is the growing media antagonism to exposures and investigation. Very suddenly, the notion that the media have a duty to find things out, and in doing so to challenge the truth as it is pontificated on by governments or corporations or bureaucrats or judges, is 'out of date', or, perhaps, 'a legacy of the swinging sixties'. Now the investigations are turned against the investigators, the reports against the reporters, and the seekers after truth against the truth itself.

The darkest proof of that is the BBC's own reaction to the Mycock case. The BBC had prepared its 'victory programme' in case Mycock was freed. It showed how false the case against Mycock was, and how its own expert journalists prised an innocent man out of prison.

A few ill-chosen words from the Lord Chief Justice was enough to persuade the BBC mandarins to cancel the programme and to hold high a warning that, if ever again any of their reporters succeed in righting a wrong, they can expect from their employers the most prompt, loyal and resolute stab in the back. □

See Rougher Justice, page 6



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIARY

Some time ago I welcomed the news that red phone booths are to be abolished by British Telecom. Everyone from the *Guardian* to Roger Scruton bewailed this supposed act of vandalism, with Scruton eulogising the crowned kiosks. I'm proud of my stand. Telephones are for citizens. The Great Red Box is an attempt to contain the instrument's republican spirit by encasing it in quarter of a ton of royalist cast iron. But now I've turned against BT. Despite its already obscene profits, it has demanded £103 to put in a second line with an extension. Then it rubbed salt in the wound by raising its charges, while publishing full-page ads with such dignitaries as Sir Terence Conran telling me that I 'don't have to pay so much to say so much'. In fact my bill is likely to rise by 8 per cent. How can they get away with it?

○

British Tel-you-lies is vulnerable, though: its workers are not as pernicious as its management. Recently we were sent a bill for £23 for an 'abortive maintenance visit'. This lasted five minutes, it wasn't abortive and anyway the charge has no basis in law. At least that's what I said and, whoops, the lady at the end of the line was delighted to co-operate and the charge was dropped. Similarly the engineer who came to install the new line was highly critical of privatisation. So fight back! We have allies on the inside.

○

But I'm sure that what *NS* lovers of information technology *really* want to know is what kind of gadget I plugged into the new socket. Well as you asked . . . way back in July 1984 'Islander' complained that there wasn't a combined answering machine and telephone. Lo and behold, the admirable if expensive Panasonic has produced just such an instrument, with a good batch of memory circuits as well. I'm trying out an early model. It does not display the number that's been called which is a drag and although it has a monitor function you can't talk in the hands-off mode. The latter facility is essential for hands-on parenthood: it means you can converse while holding the baby without the little one chewing the cord or shoving the receiver out from under your chin. All the same the machine is sturdy and has a small footprint and I aim to buy one. If only because it is nice to imagine something and then have it come true.

○

I suppose you can say that of socialism, only it won't be made for us by a Japanese multinational. A thought that helped me to enjoy *What a Way to Run a Railroad* by Charles Landry and his Comedia pals. It is a critique of heavy moralism in collective work and a plea for effectiveness (rather than abstract efficiency). The Left should be clear about its objectives and easy about the division of labour and intensification of skills needed to achieve its aims, they argue. I agree: we want socialist enterprise that succeeds. But the authors fail to register how hard this can be in the British context, itself moralistic and hostile to achievement. They also exaggerate the failures of the last decade and make too much of the fate of *The Leveller*, whose editorial objectives were incoherent. The success of *City Limits* and *Spare Rib* demonstrate this by counter-example. Above all there is the extraordinary achievement of CND.

○

One sort of radicalism does seem to react against popularity of any sort, as if to prove that having standards or being a vanguard demands isolation. An important argument on this has broken out over Hugh Brody's *Nineteen Nineteen* (now showing at the Curzon in Mayfair). Mandy Merck has violently attacked not only the film but also the BFI's Production Board for funding it. She presumes the Board knew it would be a West End feature. I followed the progress of *Nineteen Nineteen* from an early script. Neither of its authors (Brody and Michael Ignatieff) had written a movie before, nor had Brody directed other than documentaries. The whole thing *was* an experiment and the Board's risk has been amply justified. David Puttnam, whose exceptional endorsement in *City Limits* Merck attacks on the same page, realises the film-

makers' triumph over circumstances — in total it cost less than the *publicity* budget of a big feature — and recognises the film's subject: 20th century history, and the tension of private life in such a public age with all its real and imagined memories. Whereas in her rage Merck mistakenly thinks the film is about Freud (as does Alexander Walker in the *Standard* although he is also ridiculously inaccurate about the Freud he presumes to defend). What I find odd is that when people succeed in saying something difficult and serious, they are rubbished from the Left for even existing.

○

None of which should worry — at least I hope not — Red Wedge, as it aims to put not only life but also rock and roll into the Labour Party. Launched by Billy Bragg, Sade (from afar), Paul Weller and others, some of whom are known only to those still too young to vote, Red Wedge starts its first national tour on 25 January in Manchester and goes to Cardiff, Birmingham, Leicester, Bradford, Edinburgh and Newcastle. Phone Paul Bower on 01-708 1400 for details. I nearly forgot to mention that Red Wedge is a self-financing artists' collective. Will it beat the Whites? Billy Bragg wants a positive youth vote that goes for more than just anti-Thatcherism.

So does Frances Morrell, who certainly is *positive*. She thinks that the GLC could have been saved by the House of Lords just as the Lords saved the Inner London Education Authority she heads. It was nice to meet someone in County Hall who will carry on running something. Like Red Wedge she has abandoned boring speeches, but for the digestion rather than the larynx, through multi-cultured food. To prove it she gave me the new ILEA cookbook and apron (£5 for Christmas). My daughter and her gran tried out 'Walnut and Chocolate Biscuits'. They are even better than American chocolate chip cookies. The final verdict: 'Easy to make but very sticky — you need to put flour on your hands'.

Islander

ROGER WODDIS

The bottom of the barrel

'Anybody who insists that we will get more than the scrapings from the Star Wars porkbarrel is deluded.' — the Daily Telegraph *on the Weinberger/Heseltine SDI deal.*

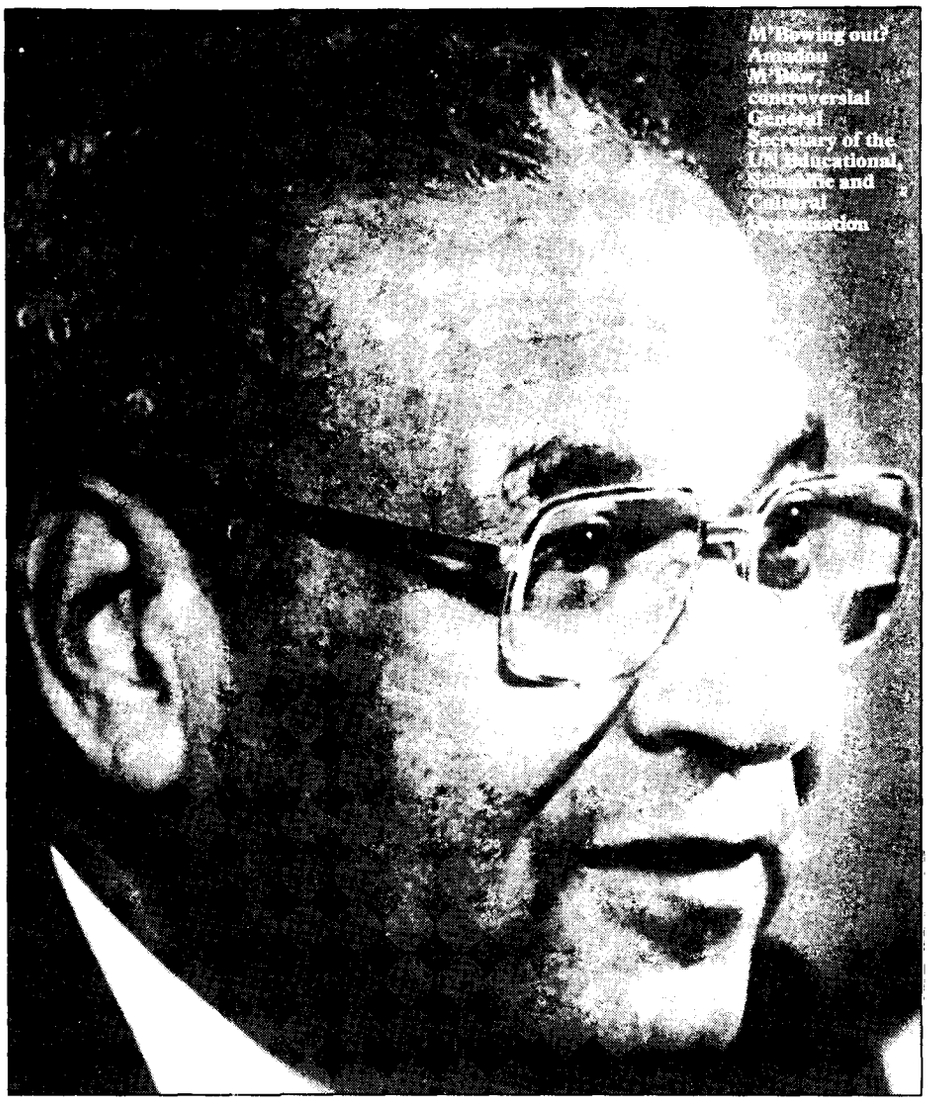
How sweet, how neat is our special
relationship!
How strong, how long are the bonds that tie!
A pipe-dream dangled before the Minister
Will feed the greed in his fawning eye —
O see him slaver for SDI!

Let no one doubt the rewards now beckoning,
Let no one laugh at the loot to come:
Sit up and beg, say yes to everything
And give your all for the smallest crumb.
(Once girls lay down for a gift of gum.)

A chance to channel our best technology,
A golden job for the brightest brain —
Who could reject this opportunity
To flush our scientists down the drain?
Who cares if Tarzan is not quite sane?

O never call it a foolish fantasy,
A baseless dream that is wholly crass:
This is the season of cheer and charity,
When treason hides in a cloud of gas
And love of country means licking ass.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



M'Bow going out? Amadou M'Bow, controversial Director-General of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation

Camera Press

AN OUTPOST OF THE EVIL EMPIRE

The British government made its excuses and left UNESCO last week. The real reasons weren't to do with UNESCO itself, which is being reformed. CHRISTOPHER PRICE traces the influence of the American New Right, in the shape of the Heritage Foundation, on Mrs Thatcher's foreign policy

BRITAIN'S DECISION to leave UNESCO had almost nothing to do with the merits of either the organisation or its general secretary. It was the product of a growing intellectual and political identity between the Heritage Foundation — currently the most powerful cultural lobby of the New Right in the US — and its contacts in Britain.

The Heritage thesis is that cultural contact between the West and the Communist world has weakened the moral fibre of the West ever since the Second World War. Its objective is to win over Western governments to the idea of withdrawal from all international organisations that are aimed at consensus and to propagandise its concept of 'freedom' (US style) by every possible means.

Though this sort of strategy is anathema to our Foreign Office establishment (and to many Conservative MPs), it is intensely attractive to Mrs Thatcher. She had given her word to President Reagan that Britain would follow the US out of UNESCO: in the event, a very substantial, broad-based lobby proved powerless to prevent it.

For the past 18 months Britain's public position has been that it wanted reforms in UNESCO and that it would consult widely as to whether sufficient progress towards that reform had been made, before coming to its final decision in December 1985. Substantial changes *were* made in UNESCO, many of them resulting from the budgetary consequences of US withdrawal, as a result of which UNESCO lost a quarter of its income.

Prospect for reform became even brighter when it became clear at the UNESCO General Conference at Sofia that all but a handful of francophone African and Latin American countries wanted this to be the last term of Amadou M'Bow, the Senegalese General Secretary, who had been personally criticised for many of UNESCO's shortcomings. The Soviet Union was particularly adamant that M'Bow should go. By the end of the Sofia conference, the reform movement was in full swing.

On consultation within Britain about withdrawal, the government promised to listen. The All-Party House of Commons Select Committee, under Sir Anthony Kershaw, took evidence and recommended we stay in; when the Commons debated the issue, there was only one dissentient voice; the UK National Commission, whose job is to advise the government on UNESCO, were unimpressed by the arguments of Roger Scruton and Rosemary Righter (the only two paid-up members of the New Right the Thatcher government had been able to find to appoint to it), and voted overwhelmingly to stay in. The EEC — in particular the West Germans — and the Commonwealth put on pressure for Britain to stay: they recognised that it was almost entirely the diplomatic efforts of Britain — and in particular of Bill Dodd, the UK permanent delegate — that had got the reform movement started.

So the verdict of the consultation exercise was total and convincing: 'Stay in, but keep up the pressure and keep the reform movement going and review the position in three years time when a new General Secretary should be in post.' In the end both the reform movement and the consultation exercise proved empty charades. Mrs Thatcher was interested neither in reform nor in evidence tendered by others: to her, as to the Heritage Foundation, withdrawal from UNESCO was a vital *symbolic* act in the battle for hearts and minds between Communism and capitalism. The real progress in reforming UNESCO was irrelevant and always had been.

THE HERITAGE Foundation in the US, which successfully lobbied for US withdrawal last year, is a marriage of massive private funding with sophisticated political lobbying. Just over 10 years after its establishment, it now has a $12 million annual budget — about a third coming from big corporations (Gulf, Chase Manhattan, Readers Digest), a third from right-wing foundations (particularly from Adolph Coors, the beer multi-millionaire who has funded it from the start) and a third from tax deductible gifts from its 130,000 supporters. It pours out a mass of propaganda for the New Right, including a new 'learned journal' *The National Interest* with Henry Kissinger on the board and Irving Kristol as its publisher.

Kristol is an acolyte of Representative Jack Kemp, the candidate of the Republican Right for the 1988 Presidential Election, and a believer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that it is the US's role to fight communism by all means short of nuclear war. Many of Heritage's publications do not have a reputation for accuracy or even sanity. Elliot Richardson, former US Ambassador to Britain, recently accused Heritage of 'shoddy sensationalism, telling lies and deliberate omissions.'

Our departure from UNESCO is a reminder that Heritage — and therefore the Reagan Administration — is successfully turning its attention to British cultural policy. Heritage is particularly excited by the cultural phenomenon of Thatcherism. Within days of Thatcher's victory in 1983, the Foundation put out a press release — LESSONS OF THE TORY TRIUMPH — praising Thatcher for refusing to forecast lower unemployment and recommending the same strategy on Reagan.

There is close contact with the Institute for Economic Affairs in Britain. Last year, John Burton, an IEA Research Fellow, wrote an 'International Briefing' for Heritage, warning the US against the 'British industrial disease'. Ralph (now Lord — a Thatcher peer) Harris, IEA's former director, along with Ronald Butt of the *Times* wrote in Heritage's 'flagship' magazine *Policy Review* two years ago on 'The Politics of Thatcherism', urging further dismantling of collectivist policies. More recently Heritage has funded an English affiliate, the Institute for European Defence and Strategic Studies, which has been joined by Stephen Haseler, once of the Labour Party and a 'social democrat' some years before Owen, Jenkins and Williams took the plunge.

It was on this groundwork that Heritage's 'Britain out of UNESCO' lobbying operation was built. The campaign was orchestrated by a Welshman called Owen Harries, who emigrated to Australia where he endeared himself to the Liberal Prime Minister, Malcolm Fraser, and gained Australian citizenship when Fraser sent him back to Europe as representative at UNESCO. He is now in the US working for Heritage in a quasi-academic capacity as a 'John M. Olin Fellow'. (John M. Olin is another millionaire Heritage benefactor, who made his money out of agricultural chemicals and 'sporting weapons').

Harries has been very persuasive in Britain both with ministers and the media. Helped by the former US ambassador to UNESCO (now in Luxembourg) Jean Gerard, Harries has worked over the past two years to discredit UNESCO. His anti-UNESCO language and that of journalists like Lord Chalfont have been curiously identical. Harries is a nostalgic dreamer. In his Heritage lecture last year, he went on about empty manses and 'pitifully small congregations' in the chapels of his native Wales and drew global conclusions about the decline of Christian Europe.

IT WOULD be foolish, however, to dismiss the Heritage campaigners who took Britain out of UNESCO as harmless, reactionary dreamers. They are now central to Reagan's policymaking. They support repressive regimes in Chile and (before the restoration of democracy) in Argentina. They backed Ian Smith in Rhodesia and are currently campaigning against the 'Sullivan code' — the voluntary code of corporate conduct for US firms with South African investments. Having broken the back of UNESCO, they are now targeting the United Nations itself.

Three elements seem to characterise Heritage lobbyists and their UK acolytes. They are usually converts from communism or liberalism; they look back to a golden age when values of 'freedom' were purported to have prevailed; and they are Christian militants — fighting the good fight against the communist anti-Christ.

They are particularly dangerous because they pose as impartial, whereas in fact they are fanatical: they thrive off tax exempt money, often earned in the Third World, and are using it for a world wide disinformation campaign to bolster US power. Without greater vigilance, the UNESCO withdrawal will be simply a forerunner of more US thought-control of Britain. □

Christopher Price is Director designate of Leeds Polytechnic and a member of the UK National Commission for UNESCO.

ISRAELI SPY CASE

AP

Jonathan Pollard, charged with spying for Israel, leaving court with his wife

WHAT CAN THE US TAKE FROM AN ALLY?

CLAUDIA WRIGHT's coverage of this case has caused a stir in the US and Israel. Here she uncovers more evidence of penetration of US intelligence

Washington

IN THE TWENTY years running up to the arrest last month of US Navy intelligence analyst Jonathan Pollard on charges of spying for Israel, US officials say there were forty investigations of Americans working for Israel. They are unimpressed by Israeli government claims that the Pollard affair was an exceptional, amateurish operation that wasn't properly approved by Jerusalem. They say that the Israelis have become totally confident of their ability to spy on the US and get away with it.

There were two critical steps in the Israeli government's decision to broaden its existing espionage operations against the US government. The first, in 1974, led to the training and recruitment of young American Jews for infiltration into US intelligence agencies. The second, in 1979, led to the mobilisation of US defence consultants and specialists in military science and engineering to divert US military technology to Israeli companies.

In December 1974 the chief of the CIA's Israel desk and head of the Agency's counter-intelligence division, James Angleton, was forced to retired after falling out with William Colby, then Director of Central Intelligence. By his own account and the testimony of Israelis and former CIA agents, Angleton was the principal ally of the Israeli secret service Mossad in the US government. He arranged to supply CIA intelligence on Arab states to the Israelis.

In 1956 Angleton had known in advance of the Israeli attack on Egypt and the Suez canal, but kept knowledge of Israeli intentions from his superiors. CIA veterans say that, because Angleton also controlled counter-intelligence and the CIA's 'loyalty investigations', he had the power and used it to ruin the careers of anyone in the CIA who might be hostile to Israel, or who Mossad suspected of threatening trouble.

Once Angleton had been forced out of the agency, however, the Israelis could no longer be certain that they could follow and control US intelligence operations in the Middle East. They turned to US Air Force General Eugene Tighe, who was deputy director of the Defence Intelligence Agency from September 1974 to December 1975, acting director in 1975-76 and then director from August 1977 to August 1981.

CIA assessments of the PLO prepared during

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tighe's tenure, which the Iranians found in the US embassy in Tehran, use Hebrew versions of Arab place names in Lebanon and contain other indications that US military intelligence in the region was being led by the Israelis. Since his retirement, Tighe has been formally associated with the Jewish Institute of National Security Affairs in Washington, a lobbyist for Israel's military trade with the US (see *NS* 23 August and 6 December). He was described this summer by Israel's consul general in San Francisco as 'one of our good supporters in the US'.

But even with Angleton and Tighe to give them whatever they wanted, Israeli intelligence continued to infiltrate people into the intelligence agencies, the Pentagon and into the Congressional committees concerned with US foreign and military policy.

In 1984 Chares Waterman, then the senior adviser to the director of the CIA on the Arab Middle East, was dismissed after a 20-year career in the Agency, which included service in CIA posts in Kuwait, Egypt, Lebanon, Jordan and, in the late 1970s, Saudi Arabia. In 1983 he became the target of an FBI investigation for allegedly disclosing classified material to Richard Straus, co-editor of a Washington newsletter on the Middle East that is generally acknowledged to be a mouthpiece for the Israeli embassy in Washington and pro-Israel officials within the US government. Straus himself used to be a Congressional lobbyist for the American-Israel Public Affairs Committee and refuses to discuss his relationship with Waterman or the FBI investigation.

Waterman admits he used to meet Straus in 1982-83 and that the FBI investigation that ended his CIA career focused on reports prepared by Straus that were identified as having been based on classified CIA material. Straus denies receiving classified material from Waterman — and Waterman denies providing it.

Waterman also accuses the FBI of pursuing a bureaucratic vendetta against him and of unfairly misinterpreting the results of a lie detector test he took regarding his meetings with Straus.

CIA contacts with Israeli officials are supposed to pass through a clearance system that was set up after the Angleton period. Was Waterman intentionally breaking the rules, as the FBI apparently concluded, or simply keeping abreast of what Israeli officials were thinking, without having to ask them directly? That Waterman could expect such a regular contact to be treated as 'standard operating procedure' is indicative of the cosy relationship that has existed at least until recently between Israelis and their friends in the US intelligence community.

THE IRANIAN revolution in 1979 prompted the Israelis to expand their efforts to gather defence industry secrets from the US and to influence the award of Pentagon contracts to Israeli companies. It was by no means a new development. In 1968-69 the FBI investigated an American, Zalman Shapiro, for illegally smuggling enriched uranium from his Pennsylvania company to the Israeli nuclear weapons programme, then under the control of Shimon Peres. The FBI recommendation that Shapiro should be prosecuted was overruled.

The Shah of Iran played a major part in bank-rolling Israeli projects that the US was reluctant to finance. CIA documents from 1970-71 reveal clandestine investments that the Shah had personally made in an Israeli oil pipeline — US diplomats warned US companies to steer clear of the project if they wanted to avoid an Arab backlash. CIA documents from 1977-78 also reveal an Israeli attempt to get the Iranians to finance modifications of the US-designed 'Harpoon' missle, to stretch its range, payload and nuclear potential, without letting Washington know (*NS* 23 August).

But after the Iranian revolution halted this flow of money, the Israelis had to expand directly in the US. In 1977 the Congress had agreed to let the Israelis draw on $107 million in foreign military sales credits — usually available only for purchases of US weapons — to finance the production in Israel of the Merkava tank. This was termed a 'once only' request, but in subsequent years more US money was poured into the tank; and in May 1982 the Israeli defence minister Ariel Sharon asked for $1 billion in US government credits to finance the development and production of a new figher-bomber, the Lavi, and other projects — on concessional interest terms to be negotiated later. Congress agreed.

The award of contracts to produce a new type of sophisticated scatter bomb, code-named 'Project Blue 97B', has, according to information made available to *NS*, been manipulated to the benefit of companies connected with the Israelis. The US developer of

A CHRISTMAS LETTER

Dear War on Want,
I realise that for millions in the Third World Christmas is just another day in the long struggle against poverty, hunger and disease.

I also know that you are working successfully with men and women in many countries - Bangladesh, India, Ethiopia, Angola, Nicaragua, El Salvador and many more - helping them to stem the tide of suffering.

Please accept the enclosed Christmas donation of:
£50 ☐ £30 ☐ £10 ☐ £____
towards your valuable work***

Signed _____
Name _____
Address _____
_____
_____ Postcode _____

Please send to: War on Want, Room 53A, Freepost, 1 London Bridge Street, London SE1 9UT.
***Phone your pledge or Access/Visa donation direct on 01-403 2266.
Thank you.

WAR ON WANT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the bomb design, Aerojet Ordnance of California, has been pressured by Pentagon officials to select a sub-contractor without the experience, tooling or even an existing factory to produce the new weapon.

Earlier this year the US Air Force added $19 million to the project to enable this sub-contractor and an associate to build a new plant that other US companies are already operating. Aerojet believes that the sub-contractors have exploited their ties with Israel's defence industry to get favoured treatment and that the technology for the new scatter bomb will be diverted to Israel — and some time in the future will be marketed by the Israelis in competition with Aerojet's version. ☐

CHINA

THE $6 BILLION QUESTION

JONATHAN MIRSKY on why Chinese students are confused about hating the consumer-goods-exporting Japanese

ON MONDAY 9 December 4,000 Chinese school children pledged loyalty to the Communist Party — shivering in Peking's cold and windy Tiananmen Square, scene of all grand state manifestations, including those with casts of millions of Red Guards during the Cultural Revolution.

These events are almost never spontaneous; when they are, like the anti-Gang of Four uprising in 1975, the police are prepared to come in shooting. This time police ringed the square — to ensure that genuine student demonstrators, as opposed to the well-drilled 4,000 already there, did not get in.

9 December is a sacred anniversary for all Chinese patriots. On that day, exactly 50 years ago, university students poured into the streets demanding a united Nationalist-Communist front against the Japanese. The Party, which has always claimed credit for the demonstrations, although in 1935 its leaders and soldiers were beleagured far away in the Yanan caves, asserts that on 9 December 1935 China truly began to oppose Japanese aggression.

But this year the authorities went to great pains to ensure a tame anniversary. For months party leaders have been addressing student meetings on university sites from Tibet to Guandong explaining that today's mounting anti-Japanese feelings among young people are misplaced. Students had already taken to the streets in September to protest against growing Japanese militarism and the flood of Japanese goods into China.

Japan is the key country in Deng Xiaoping's Open Door policy, which has promised to make China wholly modern within 50 years. But Japan is not only China's largest trading partner: the balance of trade is heavily in its favour. During the first half of 1985 Japanese imports to China doubled, while exports to Japan were up only 11 per cent. This year alone China's deficit with Japan is already $6 billion, which accounts for a considerable proportion of the total losses in a catastrophic trading period. It is humiliating, too, that Chinese consumers, offered a choice, usually choose Japanese consumer goods.

While party leaders have been telling students to support the Open Door, they have also been signalling to Japan to redress the balance. Last week there were two significant warnings. Deng Xiaoping bluntly informed a Japanese delegation: 'If the imbalance in Sino-Japanese trade is not corrected, it will be impossible for China and Japan to further economic contacts and trade'. At the same time, foreign advertisers, most of whom are Japanese, were ordered to remove their displays from Peking's main streets, a clear and placating message to the capital's university students on the eve of the 9 December celebrations.

During the meetings with Party officials, students were reminded of their splendid and patriotic tradition of anti-Japanese demonstrations, which reaches back nearly to the beginning of the century. Deng Xiaoping is from that generation of activists, and like all other middle-aged and elderly Chinese he remembers the grisly Japanese occupation which began in the 1930s.

But if Deng wants to achieve his goals, he must in the end encourage Japanese trade. This autumn's anti-Japanese student unrest was, therefore, disturbing. Official anxiety at the prospect of an unruly demonstration in central Peking with foreign journalists present mounted as 9 December approached — the students have been dropping plenty of hints.

LAST WEEK, Peking suddenly released a hitherto un-published speech by Mao Zedong, delivered in 1939 on the fourth anniversary of 9 December. In it the Chairman hailed the students for their inspired acts and for their devotion to the Party.

It is that 'devotion' which was underlined in Party messages to students after their September demonstrations and explains Monday's oath of allegiance by the youngsters in Tiananmen Square. In one message, university students were told that while their opinions are keenly appreciated, demonstrations and wall-posters, those dreaded instruments of the Cultural Revolution, are not permitted.

Ten days ago, specially selected groups of students representing all Peking's universities were assembled in the Party's closely guarded preserve in the Forbidden City for a seminar on the significance of 9 December. The star turn was a speech by one of the Party's most senior figures, Bo Yibo, born in 1908, and thus guaranteed to combine revolutionary tone with current orthodoxy.

The historical mission of the glorious students of 50 years ago has been fulfilled, Bo said. But different times bring different tasks for youths, who cannot make history as they wish. Back in 1935, *protecting* the motherland was the great task. Now it is to *build*.

Nothing, however, can be achieved without stability. 'Just imagine: if the Party and the State are fully occupied with dealing with eventualities of one sort and another, how can they proceed with construction and reforms? . . . This is not what the nation's patriotic youth would wish to see . . . and certainly this is completely out of keeping with the glorious traditions of the Ninth December movement'. Come what may, Bo went on, the peoples' dictatorship, Party leadership, and Mao Thought must be upheld. In case the students missed the point he put it very simply: 'All speeches and acts that deviate from these . . . principles are wrong.'

Blunt speaking to students, though, was not enough. The press, too, has been commanded to cease discouraging the masses. Many have begun to doubt the current reform programme, said an official journal, *Economic Daily*, because the media blows either too hot or too cold.

It is true enough that for several years the press has pumped out praise for the very few very rich country folk, benefitting from Deng's instructions to be entrepreneurial, and the similarly tiny numbers of super urban managers. Such trumpetings, ran the charge, created blind self-satisfaction among officials and even gulled the analysists in China's elite think tanks.

Then, when things began to look bad, *Economic Daily* complains, the press latched onto official corruption, counterfeiting, foreign exchange losses and trade imbalance. In its carping, it failed to distinguish between the merely over-zealous and the truly evil. As a result, many believe that 'all malpractices that have emerged in our social life are the consequences of reform or its negative consequences'. To stiffen the backbones of its readers the press must straightaway 'admit that to a certain extent errors are inevitable'.

The Chinese press is left with a problem. Everything in it is the consequence of directives from on high. But at the moment on high does not speak with one voice. This happens from time to time in China when there is supreme discord.

Chinese readers are expert at sizing up which faction is winning. For editors, however, a mistake can lead to unpleasantness. In late 1983, a senior man on the *Peoples Daily* was dismissed for running an article suggesting that alienation can occur under socialism.

Only a few months ago, Deng's main adversary, Standing Committee member Chen Yun, said: 'Our media's reports are divorced from reality'. He was referring to the get-rich stories. But Deng's chief ally, Party general secretary Hu Yaobang, had already instructed the press to provide 80 per cent good news. In such an ideological bear-garden it is not strange that the students should think all is not quite well. ☐

This England

£3 Book Tokens for entries printed. (On postcards please).

☐ She herself also makes a point of buying gifts for her corgis and dachshunds. Each gets its own stocking containing doggie drops, rubber bones and other toys. And each present is gift-wrapped. — *Choice magazine* (Alice Simons)

☐ I should like, as a widowed pensioner, to thank the Government for the rise in my pension of £2.50, the Council for the rise in my rent of £2.26 and God for the 24p difference. — *Letter in Daily Mail* (Miss E. Stein)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

The reign in Spain

M. Lear, Barcelona, Spain

The article by David Johnston (*NS* 22 November) commenting on Spain's ten years without Franco, is misleading and very slight in analysis. That the King '. . . could have chosen the softer option of continuity', but opted for change, is 100 per cent wrong.

When Franco died in 1975, the regime he personified was already in deep crisis, and major sectors of capital itself understood the need to dismantle the political apparatus of the dictatorship. The alternative was the possibility of a revolutionary upheaval, so powerful was the mass movement. King Juan Carlos, therefore, could not have 'chosen' to continue the dictatorship. Juan Carlos's achievement, from the point of view of big capital that wanted 'in' to the EEC, was to demobilise and contain this mass movement that sought in 1975 to settle accounts with the regime.

It does no service to democratic socialism to prettify the role of the PSOE, the Spanish Socialist Workers' Party, and the governing party. In Tom Burns's 17 November article in the *Observer*, Felipe Gonzalez was quoted as saying 'What I don't accept is that the right wing is better placed to manage an economic crisis and to impose a rigorous economic policy.' That is what the PSOE is doing, pursuing a monetarist economic policy, privatising profitable parts of the economy, trying to consolidate Spain's position in NATO despite a popular majority against NATO, etc. The PSOE government has adopted projects and policies similar to the SDP's. It has had the chance to change Spanish society for the better. But it hasn't, and unfortunately joins the list of those socialist parties that did not even try to challenge the rule of capital.

About 'embittered' ETA and Basque nationalism. The majority of Basque people — and I would count that by adding supporters of the conservative PNV (Basque National Party) to the revolutionary nationalist Herri Batasuna and other small Left and nationalist parties — are embittered by the military occupation of the Basque country, the constant road-checks and harassment, the devastating unemployment helped along by the PSOE's monetarism, the torture of nationalist prisoners in jail and the refusal of the PSOE to negotiate with ETA. All these plaints do not mean majority support for ETA, certainly not; but they indicate a failure by the PSOE, whose main practical policy is to (at best) turn a blind eye to the assassinations (over 20 in the past two years) of Basque militants.

A socialist should understand why and support people 'embittered' by oppression. Johnston merely worries that ETA may 'destabilise the new democracy'. Socialists in Spain more profitably worry about the PSOE's failure to develop a new democracy.

Maggie avenges her Daddy

M. Brenda Wilks, Doncaster

I enjoyed Rosalind Coward's 'The Politics of Rejection' (Feedback 29 November). Would Freud have analysed Mrs Thatcher's savage and vindictive treatment of local authorities as, on a subconscious level, vengeance for the dismissal of her Daddy from the position of Alderman all those years ago?

Left's secret Thatcherites

Jon Shields, Charter for Jobs and the Employment Institute

Hilary Wainwright (Letters, 6 December) misses the main point of Peter Kellner's worries about the 'Left's secret Thatcherites'. What he is rightly warning against is a postponement of quick and effective action to bring down unemployment because of a desire first to implement extensive changes in planning and control. While we wait for the transformation of production, such policies could force three million people to languish unnecessarily on the dole.

The problem seems to be that in rejecting the view of Keynes on social and political grounds Hilary Wainwright feels it is necessary also to jettison his practical and effective prescriptions for jerking the economy out of a slump. To most of us it is these latter policies only which fall under the heading of 'Keynesiansism' and in setting her mast, like Robin Murray's, against Keynesiansim she runs a great risk of confusing and alienating potential supporters.

Wainwright does concede in her letter that 'some form of State action on macrospending' is required. Presumably this means that expenditure on both industrial intervention and public service will be increased. I assume this will not be matched by a similar rise in taxation. So public sector borrowing will also rise. Unless she intends to adopt strict monetary targets, it looks as if a standard 'Keynesian' expansion would therefore be one plan of her proposals. Of course that is not enough on its own, but the rhetoric is in danger of sounding like a complete rejection of expansionary policies and an embrace of Thatcherism.

It is one thing to question the ability of Keynesian policies to maintain full employment in the 1970s because of the 'structuring strategies of the major corporations to re-establish their rate of profit'. High and variable inflation causes difficulties for economic policies of all descriptions. It is quite another to overlook the fact that large scale unemployment in the UK occurred when Mrs Thatcher effectively used 'Keynesian' policies in the wrong direction. She, at least, understood their power. So did President Reagan, although he put them to a more positive purpose. Or do our new supply-siders believe Reagan's policies were so effective in reducing unemployment not because of their effect on demand but because they improved incentives?

By all means let us conduct a debate about detailed intervention. But there is no point in doing so if macro-economic policy is still to be conducted in terms of tight constraints on public sector borrowing and arbitrary targets for monetary growth. Let us first agree that these need to be rejected. And leave it to genuine reactionaries to deride this positive aspect of policies associated with the name of Keynes.

Not because of a toe-kissing rite

John Coleman, London NW5

Peter Horne's letter last week, taking me to task for my short review of Derek Jarman's *The Angelic Conversation (NS* 18 October), arises out of a misunderstanding to which I clumsily contributed. The phrase, 'two young men . . . shift into a toe-kissing rite soon after which I left', might be read (I now see) as an indication that such on-screen amorous dalliance between consenting males shocked me into prim evasive action. 'It seems homo-eroticism is still to be banished to the shade,' deduces Mr Horne glumly.

Had he read the review immediately preceding (of *To an Unknown God),* which noted the relevant use of Lorca's 'Walt Whitman' ode as counterpoint to a Spanish homosexual's life and times, he would surely have realised that my 'hasty withdrawal' *(his* phrase) had nothing to do with men kissing, everything to do with rage at Jarman's impenetrable interweaving of finely spoken lines from Shakespeare sonnets with foggily hermetic, ineptly posturing visual images: avant-garde cinema at its most backward.

Should Mr Horne have residual doubts about my good faith, I might add that I remained in place through the infinitely more explicit homo-eroticism of *Taxi zum Klo* — to instance an extreme filmed display of sexual practices between males — and only recently praised the 'easy, merry naturalness' with which Omar and Johnny became lovers in *My Beautiful Laundrette.*

Take me to your Leader
BY MORNIN' MINNIE
Charon's CROSS-STYX FERRIES
Departures
HEY! JUST A MOMENT!
MY UNDERWORLD VISIT HAS BEEN MOST ENJOYABLE, BUT I MUST BE GETTING BACK NOW···
YOU'RE SURELY NOT THINKING OF RETURNING BY FERRY ARE YOU?
May I propose EUROHOLE? Glide in comfort through the world's LONGEST TUNNEL cushioned by a luxurious layer of sterilised hot air with optional musak. Finish with a FREE PICNIC at the idyllic White Cliffs Environment Park
EUROHOLE Proposal
But WHY DRIVE AT ALL when you can simply let our stainless steel SPEED CAPSULES waft you and your car through sixty miles of silky smooth supertunnel in just six minutes on the ELYSIAN EXPRESSWAY?
ELYSIAN EXPRESSWAY Proposal
No need to go underground! On HELL'S CAUSEWAY you can speed along and enjoy panoramic views of the thriving industrial complex of ARCADIA. See real DEAD FISH glowing in the River Styx below. Join HELL'S CAUSEWAY at our gleaming new international passenger interchange on the site of the old Elysian Fields···
HELL'S CAUSEWAY Proposal
Avail yourself of the latest in metaphysical technology on the BRUNNEL. While your body goes by tunnel, your spirit simultaneously crosses by bridge. They fuse effortlessly together again at Junction Six···
Paved with good intentions!
BRUNNEL Proposal
The first twenty customers get a FREE LICENCE to develop one of the GREEN BITS between the A2 and the A20
Six thousand NEW JOBS already in the LOBBYING INDUSTRY alone!
NONE OF YOU WILL GET PAST CERBERUS THE THREE-HEADED WATCHDOG!
NO PROBLEM SQUIRE!
THE TRANSPORT SECRETARY HIMSELF HAS MUZZLED HIM FOR US
KILLED HIM STONE DEAD
JOHN MINNION
NO THANKS I'LL TAKE THE SCENIC ROUTE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

British justice's iron fist

Sal Mayhew, Gaza, Palestine

I was struck by Chris Smith's use of the term 'administrative detention' (*NS* 8 November) in connection with the British Home Office practice of detaining visitors from Bangladesh under the Immigration Act.

Here in Gaza and the West Bank 100 people have been subject to the Israeli version of administrative detention and four men are threatened with almost certain deportation in a crackdown on the local population. They urgently need international support. These actions are based on the British Emergency Regulations (1945) dating back to the British occupation of Palestine. Administrative detention under the Israelis is, quite simply, detention without charge or trial.

Israel uses British legislation as the basis of its 'Iron Fist' policy in the occupied West Bank and Gaza; yet another reminder of former British occupation and betrayal of the Palestinian people, delivering their land into the hands of the Zionists.

The similarities between the detention of black visitors to and deportation of black people from Britain and the experience of the Palestinians is startling. In Britain, detainees under the Immigration Act are given no reason for their arrest and/or subsequent deportation and are subject to 'indefinite periods of detention' while the Home Office 'enjoys extensive power of detention without reference to a court of law'. Palestinian adminstrative detainees are held without charge for a renewable six month period. The so-called judicial review of the orders is restricted to closed administrative hearings where any 'evidence' is shown only to a military judge, *not* to the defence attorney or his/her client.

Fighting for life (differently)

Debby Sanders, Women for Life, London SE20

In Julia South's second article (*NS* 23 November), she says:'To be anti-abortion . . . necessarily entails a condemnation of women who have abortions . . .' Apart from being demonstrably untrue (both Women For Life and the Life Group offer compassionate post-abortion help) it is a cruel deception to practise on women who need post-abortion help. While it is true that pro-abortion agencies can be of assistance to women who need this help, sometimes (in the experience of friends of mine who have had abortions) they cannot understand quite why a woman is grieving. Pro-life groups can empathise with a woman's grief over the loss of a child and help her come to terms with what has happened.

I also resent the implication in the first article (*NS* 15 November) that we are only masquerading as feminists: 'self-described as the radical feminist part of the Pro-Life movement'. We are what we say we are. It simply shows the paucity of the pro-abortion case when our opponents have to resort to blanket stereotyping, instead of addressing themselves to the overwhelming evidence that abortion harms women physically, mentally and socially by denying them that very social reform that would, for many, render abortion obsolete. Human rights are indivisible one from the other and we must work for a society where no one is discriminated against.

Jill Hughes, London N16

In the discussions on abortion which have appeared on your letters page recently, the assumption seems to be that if we are concerned about 'Life on Earth' then we have to be opposed to abortion.
Many women who have had abortions are extremely concerned and active in organisations fighting for the improvement in the *quality* of life for women and children. If these other women are so concerned about 'Life' then what do they propose for the thousands of women who have died for back-street abortions over the years. Since abortions have been more easily available, many *women's* lives have been saved. Ask yourselves — what is it that has forced women throughout history to risk their own deaths to terminate an unwanted pregnancy? It is our concern for the lives of these women and young girls that forced many of us in the '60s and '70s to march for *safe* abortion.

Women do *not* and have never had a free choice about motherhood. We do not, even yet, have safe and effective contraception — there are health risks with the pill; heavy bleeding and pain with the coil, etc . . . Many women, who have chosen not to have children at this point in their lives, find their contraception has failed. We are not talking about mere 'inconvenience': we are talking about young girls facing rejection, loneliness, their lives ruined. We are talking about giving babies a *real* life. Men have *never* had to make this most difficult of choices. Motherhood is still a very demanding, often isolated, undervalued job in this world. And let's be honest about these 'lives' — what about those battered, unloved, hungry babies, throughout the world? What about those often lonely, tranquillised mothers behind their front doors? Women faced with an unwanted pregnancy need support not moralism. And don't talk to me about adoption until we have homes for all the unwanted children in our children's homes.

Whilst appreciating Julia South's articles, the photos of child-sized foetuses which accompanied them are really only adding to the misinformation on abortion. That foetus, shown on your front cover would be about an inch and a half long, and seen by the human eye would barely resemble a baby. A foetus of six weeks is not much bigger than your thumb nail — compare that with the life of a woman or a rejected child.

Playing with apartheid

Stephen Daniels, Maesteg, Mid Glamorgan

Professor Norman Lewis (*NS* 22 November) may be justified in thinking that the House of Lords' decision in favour of the Leicester Rugby Football Club in their case against Leicester City Council was a bad one which may cause 'constitutional pandemonium', but a very dangerous precedent would surely have been created if the House of Lords had followed the 2 to 1 majority in the Court of Appeal and found in favour of the Council.

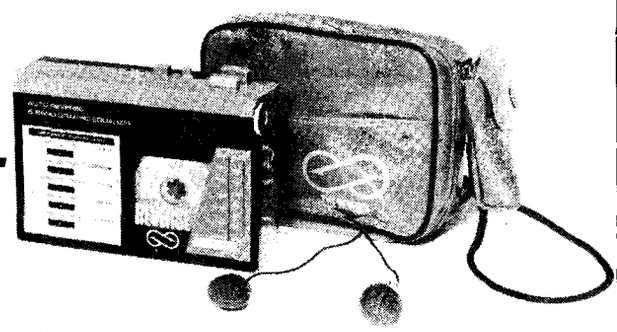
In response to pressure from the Council, the Football Club joined it in condemning apartheid, forwarded to the Leicestershire Rugby Union the memorandum setting out the case against the England tour of South Africa prepared by the anti-apartheid movement which the Club acknowledged merited serious consideration, and supplied copies of the memorandum to the three Leicester players chosen for the tour and asked them to seriously consider its content before deciding whether to tour.

What they were not prepared to do was condemn the tour or to discourage the three players from playing, as required by the Council, because they felt there were differences of opinion about the way in which the barriers of apartheid can be broken down and that amateur players were free to choose when and where they played. In the words of the Council's barrister: 'The club failed to align themselves wholeheartedly with the Council on a controversial issue'. This was why the Council revoked the Club's licence to use one of its recreation grounds.

Lord Justice Browne-Wilkinson, the dissenting judge in the Court of Appeal(who, incidentaly, made it plain that he saw nothing wrong with the Council wishing to distance themselves from those who supported sporting links with South Africa and that he personally was against such links),thought that the question raised by the case was whether general powers conferred on elected public bodies of the administration of public property could lawfully be used to punish those who lawfully declined to support the views of the public body. He gave a negative answer to this question because he believed that if public bodies were allowed to act in this way there would be a dangerous risk to the right of freedom of speech and conscience enjoyed by individuals in a democratic society.

He did not have to resort to the grounds relied on by the House of Lords in finding against the Council; he did so on the well-established ground that legally irrelevant matters were taken in to account by the Council in reaching their decision to revoke the Club's licence. In my opinion his judgment was the most persuasive delivered in either appeal court.

SIX AKAI PERSONAL STEREOS to be won



Enter our 'if the caption fits . . .' contest in next week's **New Statesman** and you could win an AKAI Personal Stereo Cassette Player **worth £69.**

The **PM-R3** has built-in FM/AM radio, 5-band graphic equaliser, auto reverse for non-stop listening and is fully compatible with SX-R3 personal speakers and MP-303 mains adaptor. Carrying case and headphones are included.

Full details in New Statesman 20/27 December on sale 18 December. Place an order with your newsagent now!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AP

In the business of prophet making

In the post-Civil Rights years, black Americans have come to expect a fairer deal from the 'land of the free'. But Reagan's America has once again dumped on them. The vein of bitterness in the black community is being tapped by Louis Farrakhan (above), a charismatic leader who attracts thousands to every meeting in the USA and is planning a tour of Britain. Farrakhan's politics contain hints of radicalism but are based on hatred of another minority — in this case the Jews — and on petty bourgeois aspirations. MANNING MARABLE analyses his phenomenal popularity

LOUIS FARRAKHAN is the most controversial black American leader since the assassination of Malcolm X two decades ago. There are, however, only two observations about Farrakhan which are generally shared by all critics.

First, the fiery black nationalist has gained tremendous support among blacks, especially the working class, since the re-election of President Reagan last year. On 22 July, 10,000 blacks attended one of his public addresses in Washington, DC. As media criticism of Farrakhan has magnified, his audiences and popularity among blacks increased. On 14 September, 17,000 people gathered at the Los Angeles Forum to hear Farrakhan. And on 7 October, Farrakhan attracted over 20,000 blacks at New York City's Madison Square Garden, and another 5,000 people watched his speech live on closed-circuit television in another building.

Second, Farrakhan has provoked the sharpest exchanges over black-Jewish relations in recent memory. New York City mayor Edward Koch has denounced the black militant as a 'Nazi in clerical garb'. Right-wing members of the Jewish Defense League picket his public appearances, frequently chanting 'Death to Farrakhan!' Mainstream white politicians also angrily attack him. Democratic presidential aspirant Mario Cuomo, Governor of New York, appeared on television, declaring that the Muslim leader's ideas 'are ugly and divisive and wrong and hateful'.

On the basis of his printed statements, it would be simple to dismiss Farrakhan as an anti-Semitic fanatic. He first received national notoriety during Jesse Jackson's 1984 campaign for the Democratic presidential nomination by terming Judaism a 'dirty religion' and by later describing Hitler as 'a great man'. Farrakhan's more recent statements have been equally repugnant. At the Washington rally, he equated *all* American Jews with the politics of Zionism: 'I'm not backing down from the Jews because I know their wickedness. I'm not separating just Zionists out, because the Zionists are the outgrowth of Jewish transgression'.

But the Farrakhan phenomenon is far more complex than the rubric of 'black anti-Semitism' allows. Farrakhan first entered black political life a quarter century ago, as the young protégé of Malcolm X. Malcolm X was then the national spokesman of the Nation of Islam, a black Islamic sect. Farrakhan was named the minister of the Black Muslims' Boston mosque and he acquired a substantial following, even among black militants and working people who had no relationship with the Nation of Islam. In 1964, Malcolm X broke from the Nation of Islam and moved rapidly in a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

socialist and internationalist direction. But Farrakhan remained loyal to the sect's conservative mentor, the aged Elijah Muhammad.

After Elijah Muhammad's death in 1975, the Nation of Islam was radically transformed by its new leader, Wallace D. Muhammad. The sect's anti-white dogmas were summarily dropped and the theological basis of the organisation was made to conform closely to orthodox Sunni Islam. Farrakhan broke from the reformed group in 1978 and in January 1981 announced the 'rebirth' of the 'Nation of Islam' under his leadership.

During the early 1980s Farrakhan recruited about ten thousand blacks into his sect, which espoused the black nationalist creed of the late Elijah Muhammad. But unlike the 'old' Nation of Islam, which eschewed electoral politics, Farrakhan and his lieutenants have become active participants in contemporary black struggles. Farrakhan was a major speaker at the August, 1983 'March on Washington', which attacked the Reagan Administration's domestic and foreign policies. Farrakhan was one of the earliest black national leaders to endorse Jesse Jackson's presidential candidacy and his followers provided him with campaign workers and security personnel.

SEVERAL OVERLAPPING factors comprise the current furore over Farrakhan. The first is the black Muslim minister's charismatic appeal to millions of black Americans of different social classes. To the masses of unemployed and working-class Afro-Americans, Farrakhan's message represents a cathartic release from their deteriorating economic and social conditions under Reaganism.

Instinctively, they recognise that *any* black public leader who evokes such harsh condemnation from white religious leaders and the politicians of both capitalist parties must have something meaningful within his programme. And indeed, a careful analysis of Farrakhan's public addresses reveals a strong commitment to an anti-racist and anti-imperialist politics, which parallels the late social thought of Malcolm X.

In his Los Angeles Forum speech, for example, Farrakhan echoed Jackson's call for a 'Rainbow Coalition' of the dispossessed — blacks, Hispanics, American Indians and others — to coalesce against the dominant political and corporate establishment. In the tradition of W.E.B. Du Bois, Martin Luther King and earlier black peace activists, he challenged adventurist foreign policies. Black Americans should never participate in 'any US war aginst black Africans'. He made common cause with the revolutionaries in Central America: 'We will not invade Nicaragua!'

Unfortunately, this progressive analysis is often overshadowed by Farrakhan's mixture of ethnic chauvinism and quasi-messianic rhetoric, which projects blacks as a 'special' people with a unique spiritual task. 'I have a problem with Jewish people and it is not because I am hateful of Jewish people, not at all', Farrakhan declared. 'But I have a problem because I am declaring to the world that they are not the chosen people of God. I am declaring to the world and you, the black people of America and the Western hemisphere, are the chosen people.'

The black middle class is attracted to the black nationalist for less emotional reasons. The economic status of virtually all sectors of the black community has continued to stagnate during the Reagan 'recovery' of 1983-1985. Overall black unemployment remains over 15 per cent — and roughly 50 per cent for teenagers; black median family incomes are only 55 per cent of comparable white family incomes, the most significant income gap in two decades.

But the black professional and white collar strata have also experienced severe hardship. Economist Richard McGahey has estimated that since 1981 federal agencies have made members of ethnic minorities redundant at rates of up to 50 per cent greater than whites. The cutbacks in federal government social programmes and in affirmative action have checked black professional upward mobility in the public sector. Similarly in the private sector, the economic conditions of most black-owned firms have also deteriorated. According to a recent report the average annual receipts for black businesses dropped from $37,000 in 1977 to $23,000 by 1982, measured in real terms. Of 108,000 black-owned firms created since 1977, 63,000 have annual gross receipts of under $5,000; 85 per cent have receipts of less than $25,000. To aspiring black entrepreneurs, Reaganomics has meant little.

Instinctively, they recognise that any black public leader who evokes such harsh condemnation from white religious leaders and the politicians of both capitalist parties must have something meaningful in his programme

To disgruntled black businessmen, Farrakhan provides a simplistic, yet historically popular solution. The Nation of Islam has created an economic network termed POWER — 'People Organised and Working for Economic Rebirth'. Essentially a strategy to promote black petty capitalism, POWER projects a system of co-operation between black-owned firms which would sell to black consumers. The capital accumulated from sales would be used to start small manufacturing companies. POWER received an interest-free loan of $5 million from Libyan leader Muammar Gadafy last May and hundreds of black would-be capitalists have applauded the concept. Even Coretta Scott King, who has characterised Farrakhan's rhetoric as 'extremely harmful', supports the POWER approach to black economic development.

What is most striking about POWER is its close kinship to earlier black 'self-help' programmes. Nearly a century ago, conservative black educator Booker T. Washington launched the National Negro Business League, a coalition of black entrepreneurs, which promoted the development of all-black insurance firms, funeral homes, groceries and retail establishments. A generation later, in the 1920s, Jamaican black nationalist Marcus Garvey created the Negro Factories Corporation, a group of black businessmen who attempted to seize control of the black consumer market. Garvey's Black Star steamship line projected the marketing of black products to Caribbean and African markets.

This most recent strategy of black self-help draws its impetus from the historic failure of white American workers to advocate a non-racialist, class-based politics, and from the mistaken assessment of capitalism as a viable method of production and accumulation for non-whites. Farrakhan and the majority of blacks see few allies within the white population to spark a radical transformation of the existing economic order. Thus they are forced into the blind alley of black capitalism, attempting to defeat the white corporate elite by playing the game with its own rules. Black nationalism-qua-capitalism thus must seize any opportunity to exploit the non-black poor for its own objectives. For example, Farrakhan urges blacks to seize their land base for production from bankrupt Western farmers.

ANTI-SEMITISM has never acquired a mass following among black Americans. Most of the black leaders throughout the twentieth century, from Du Bois to Martin Luther King, have been personally and politically close to the Jewish community. Even Garvey was an outspoken defender of Zionism. More recently, public opinion polls have illustrated the political confluence of American Jews and black political aims. According to one Lou Harris survey last year, by a margin of 77 to 18 per cent blacks felt that 'the same people who would like to keep down Jews would also

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like to keep other minorities down'.

In November 1984, the Jewish electorate voted against Reagan overwhelmingly, by a margin of 68 to 32 per cent. Both blacks and Jews favour the implementation of affirmative action programmes without specific racial quotas (blacks 74 to 21 per cent, Jews 79 to 20 per cent); and both support a 'freeze' on the production and deployment of nuclear weapons by nine to one majorities. In short, blacks and Jews still comprise the most liberal ethnic blocs in American politics.

Farrakhan and the majority of blacks see few allies within the white population to spark a radical transformation of the existing economic order. They are forced into the blind alley of black capitalism . . .

Farrakhan's basic message, contrary to media distortions, does not challenge these liberal democratic foundations of black politics. And while he remains questionably anti-Semitic, Farrakhan has nevertheless elevated two basic issues which had been skirted and avoided by the American liberal-left: the influential role of Israel in American foreign policy and the ambiguous financial and political relationship between American Zionists and Afro-American middle-class leaders.

The black Muslim leader's staunch defence of Palestinian rights and his opposition to the Reagan Administration's pro-Israeli policies in the Middle East are widely supported by most black Americans. Farrakhan's assertion that the establishment of the Israeli state in 1948 was an 'outlaw act' was forcibly repudiated by Jesse Jackson last year. But Jackson himself actively criticised massive US military support to Israel and favoured direct negotiations with the Palestine Liberation Organisation.

Criticism of Israeli policies increased throughout 1985, as black Americans mobilised in hundreds of cities across the country to protest South African apartheid. Critics noted that South African corporations currently provide 35 per cent of all non-US foreign investment inside Israel. The South African-Israel military connection was also disturbing. According to Jane Hunter, the editor of *Israeli Foreign Affairs*, South Africa has purchased Israeli attack boats 'equipped with ship-to-ship Gabriel missiles, Dabur coastal patrol boats and Kfir jet fighters, radar stations, electronic fences, infiltration alarm systems (and) night vision apparatus'.

South African companies have assisted Israel to develop its steel industry and they are helping to finance the projected Israeli fighter bomber, the Lavi. Such connections were part of the reason that many conservative American Zionists were reluctant to take part in the anti-apartheid demonstrations. Yet the South African-Israeli relationship deeply angered black Americans.

American Jews have also been prominent in providing financial support for black middle-class politicians and civil rights agencies. However, since the early 1970s, the public policy interests of these two groups have become increasingly at odds. Jewish organisations were clearly divided over the March on Washington in 1983. The Union of American Hebrew Congregations and the leftist New Jewish Agenda endorsed the mobilisation; yet the American Jewish Committee and the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith refused to do so, claiming that the demonstration was 'too pro-Third World and anti-American'.

Prominent Jewish 'neo-conservatives' have been vocal critics of school desegregration and social welfare programmes, which benefit blacks and Hispanics. Thus when Mayor Koch of New York, a major Jewish neo-conservative politician, declared that Farrakhan 'should burn in hell', the reaction among many blacks was to rally behind the Muslim leader's entire programme.

Many black progressives and Left-oriented civil rights activists insist that blanket condemnations of Farrakhan merely promote the interests of conservative Zionism and erode constructive political relations between Jews and blacks. One former Rainbow Coalition leader, the Reverend Benjamin Chavis, observes that the hostility towards Farrakhan is 'another indication of persons outside the black community attempting to determine who will speak for black people'. Other black civil rights leaders held a press conference in New York to criticise Mayor Koch's opposition to Farrakhan. A black Catholic priest, the Reverend Lawrence Lucas, declared that '99.9 per cent of Louis Farrakhan's message (is) positive'. Prominent blacks who had repudiated Farrakhan were 'political opportunists with black pigmentation'. And at Madison Square Garden, Farrakhan received his greatest ovation for observing: 'Koch said I should burn in hell. Well, black people in New York City live in hell'.

PERHAPS THE MOST overlooked point about the Farrakhan issue is the relationship between Reaganism and other varieties of race-conscious politics. Among blacks, President Reagan is the most despised national political figure since the segregationist George Wallace of Alabama. The Administration's conservative policy agenda is systematically 'racist' in that blacks and other racial minorities suffer disproportionately from reductions in federal jobs, affirmative action, health care and welfare programmes. Reagan has nominated virtually no blacks to federal judgeships or civil service positions and has given aggressive support to South Africa.

The Administration's contempt for non-whites has directly contributed to the proliferation of white supremacist, neo-fascist sects and racist vigilante violence. Since 1980, for example, the Ku Klux Klan alone has been responsible for over 600 violent incidents and assaults. The federal government has done nothing to halt the spread of racist terror. Yet President Reagan still retains widespread popularity among whites of literally every social class.

In this climate of political alienation and race-baiting, blacks have become more desperate to find a strategy for getting out of their deteriorating conditions. Farrakhan has become an expression of this rage and frustration. The repeated efforts by Jewish and middle-class black leaders to discredit him are widely viewed by most blacks as yet another instance of racial and political subordination.

The Administration's contempt for non-whites has directly contributed to the proliferation of white supremacist neofascist sects and racist vigilante deaths.

The Farrakhan controversy reveals in a painful manner the great difficulties confronting black progressives and the broader US Left in articulating a democratic socialist strategy in the era of Reaganism. No multi-racial, multi-class bloc which opposes both the Democratic Party's 'Reaganism-with-a-human-face' and the Republicans can afford to subordinate the legitimate economic and political aspirations of blacks. Yet no anti-racist, democratic movement can compromise with the virus of anti-Semitism.

The racial bifurcation of American liberal politics, into Jewish Zionism and reactionary black nationalism, can only promote the interests of the far Right. No Rainbow Coalition can be constructed on the basis of ethnic hostility and recriminations. But the immediate prospects of cordial black-Jewish relations on the basis of a left-of-centre political platform seem discouragingly bleak.

Manning Marable is professor of sociology and director of the Africana and Hispanic Studies Program, Colgate University, Hamilton, New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cocked snooks

Charles Fox

La Tristesse de Saint Louis: Swing under the Nazis
MIKE ZWERIN *Quartet* £13.95

ONE OF THE more bizarre moments of World War II occurred when four German officers met four American officers to negotiate the surrender of St Nazaire. The meeting was almost over when Luftwaffe Oberleutnant Dietrich Schulz-Koehn leant towards a black American officer and asked: 'Do you have any Count Basie records?' That episode provides the opening chapter of Mike Zwerin's ramble around the topic of what happened to jazz in Nazi Germany and in countries occupied during the war.

Looking up Schulz-Koehn — he lives in Cologne, 'Doctor Jazz' printed on his mailbox — was one of the tasks undertaken by Zwerin. He has been rash enough to be inspired by A. J. A. Symons's *The Quest For Corvo* (a quote from it appears soon after the title page), accepting the author's involvement as part of the subject. The result is a highly personal account by a Jewish New Yorker living in Paris, a part-time musician who delights in writing rather as a jazz player improvises, digressing all the time.

So a decidedly wobbly, not to say self-indulgent narrative takes in chatting with various gypsies claiming a close relationship with Django Reinhardt, touring with a half-black, half-white quartet in South Africa ('Sad Afrika' as Zwerin calls it) and interviewing a boastful George Benson, as well as meeting survivors with stories to tell. Among those, of course, was Schulz-Koehn, who had been a pre-war jazz buff, amassing hundreds of American records. During the war he was to issue a clandestine newsletter ('We will discuss only music and so it cannot be considered propaganda', he wrote in an editorial). The book includes a photograph of him in full uniform, taken in Paris with, as Schulz-Koehn put it, 'a Gypsy, four Negroes and a Jew' — even if the gypsy did happen to be Django.

Further paradoxes are uncovered. A black Guadeloupian trombonist to be seen in that photograph told Zwerin that during the Occupation the French had been more racist towards blacks than the Germans. And it is surprising to see, although Goebbels outlawed black and Jewish music within Germany itself, a 1939 German Brunswick catalogue listing records by the Andrews Sisters, the Mills Brothers, Billie Holiday and the British bandleader Ambrose, all of them blatantly non-Aryan. No doubt a case of inefficiency mitigating ideology. And the title Zwerin has given his book illustrates the sidestepping that prevailed in France and Belgium, in Denmark and Holland. Musicians went on playing the same tunes, simply calling them by other names.

The book's conclusion should startle those of us who observed events from the safer side of the English Channel. The Golden Age of Jazz, Zwerin asserts, coincided with the rise of the Third Reich, was limited to the territory it occupied and ended with the liberation. What he has in mind, of course, is not the extent of the aesthetic achievement but the way the music reflected the popular mood. People danced to jazz who were unable to spot the difference between Red Allen and Red Nichols. For a while it became art for the masses — partly because of inbuilt vitality, partly because it was so flagrantly unGermanic.

Above: From Herb Flemming to a Berlin swinger in 1936; above right: from Jean Omer to Hans Bluthner in 1942; below right: a 1939 German poster of Henry Hall

The most extreme of the new devotees were the Zazous, who took portable gramophones to the Champs Elysées or the Latin Quarter and danced to swing records, poking a finger at the sky and screaming 'Zazouzazouzazou'. The phrase was one of Cab Calloway's favourite bits of scat. It also suggested the zoot suits that Calloway wore — long jackets and pegged pants with baggy knees. And dress mattered, as it always does with the protesting young. This protest, however, rather like the Free Jazz cult in Eastern Europe, ignored politics, preferring to be Dadaist — in itself a political gesture. Not surprisingly, the French bourgeoisie deplored the Zazous every bit as much as the Germans did.

As history rolls on the flippant and the tragic begin acquiring a similar significance. Belonging in the latter category is Zwerin's account of how Czechoslovakian Jews, arrested and sent to a concentration camp, formed The Ghetto Swingers — especially as their clarinettist, Fritz Weiss ('one of the best jazz musicians of pre-war Europe') was sent to the gas chamber immediately after arrival at Auschwitz. But Zwerin also writes of another clarinettist, Ernst Hollerhagen, born in Wuppertal but prudent enough to become a Swiss citizen before the war. Hollerhagen was playing with Teddy Stauffer and the Teddies in Frankfurt in 1942. Suddenly he clicked his heels, raised his right arm and shouted at the top of his voice: '*Heil* Benny!' □

In mourning

Malcolm Imrie

A World Still to Win: The Reconstruction of the Post-War Working Class
TREVOR BLACKWELL and JEREMY SEABROOK *Faber* £4.50

IN SPITE OF the title, this is neither the latest update of *The Communist Manifesto* nor another piece of post-industrial sociology, but rather a narrative of loss and absence. 'What if each generation's sense of loss has been true?' ask the authors, rhetorically. 'What if whatever gains are won each time capitalism remakes the working class, losses and forfeits are also imposed?'

In the book, as in that last sentence, capitalism is the subject, while the working class is endlessly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'driven', 'shaped' and 'freighted down'; yet this is no more an analysis of capitalism's own restructuring than it is an account of political struggles against it. Commenting, at one point, on Goldthorpe and Lockwood's studies of the 'affluent worker', Blackwell and Seabrook criticise their 'repellent and stultifying language', its exclusion of 'human sensitivities and passions'. Maybe they find all research since the 1950s equally distasteful, since very little of it is mentioned here, even in their Guide to Further Reading.

It is in a lengthy preamble on class definitions that this fear of abstraction creates most difficulties; once we get to the heart of the book, a decade-by-decade description and polemic, the power of the writing starts to compensate. Significantly, I think, Blackwell and Seabrook are at their most original and caustic when dealing with the 1940s and '50s. They make a sustained and telling attack on the Labour Party's misunderstanding and mythologising of their 1945 election victory and sharply trace the Tories' rise on the back of the Welfare State through to their triumph in the '50s, a decade when 'capitalism succeeded in imposing through its version of prosperity what it had been unable to impose through its version of poverty, deprivation and want.'

Here, the mourning and moralism which characterise much of Seabrook's solo work are more restrained and checked by frequent rejections of Golden Age nostalgia or of any suggestion that the working class was corrupted by affluence. It's with the 1960s, symptomatically, that their grasp of social reality begins to falter, producing passages of contemptuous prose which at its worst reads like some monstrous collaboration between situationist Guy Debord and Mary Whitehouse.

> Should it surprise anyone that so many of the stars wind up dead in their guitar-shaped swimming pools[how many was that?] . . . or that so many of their fans, goaded by the flickering shadows of capitalism's spectacle, turn for consolation to the real opium of the people which has become so readily available in the 1980s . . .

Never mind whether every 'gain' is a ruse, every success recuperated, the most remarkable distortion here is the rapid fade-out of the protagonists. It isn't only those still starry-eyed about what the authors package as 'counter-culture' who will ask why the only permitted oppositional voice from an entire decade comes in the quotation of an asinine, acid-head editorial from *International Times*.

By the '70s, any sense of the working class (old, new or recomposed) as active subject has all but disappeared, leaving us with two typical Seabrook threads: omnipotent capitalism, moulding and silencing, counterposed to a procession of pathetic cameos. The *leitmotiv* of that decade, say the authors, was provided by Labour's admission that Britain's only problem was its irresponsible working class, but they have another — the image of a woman cleaner, huddled at a windswept bus-stop on a grey estate in an 'indigo dawn'. Images from a similar repertoire fill this book without fleshing it out, become ever more numerous and reach a crescendo in the final chapter in a long quote from Seabrook's *Landscapes of Poverty*. Victims, always and only victims.

There may not be a better way, from the outside, to write about suffering. But there should be a better, more comprehensive way of writing history and it might be one that records solidarity and resistance as well as mute acquiescence. □

Thoughts of a Nobel mind

Mark Thompson

The Human Province
ELIAS CANETTI *Deutsch* £9.95

APHORISMS HAVE never been quite native to the English. We distrust them as neither safely fictional nor clearly philosophic. Epigrams are acceptably modest and ironic; they support establishment *doxa* by inverting it and are anyway more continental — or Irish — than English. From Lichtenberg to Canetti, most of the memorable aphorists since the Enlightenment have written in German and we find them, at the least, alien.

The peculiarly English misreading of *The Human Province* in Craig Raine's embarrassingly resentful notice (*Literary Review*, October) assumes that aphorisms attempt universal truth. This mad ambition dooms them to absurdity, and Raine knows Canetti has no clothes.

So the most important thing to say here is that this selection from the 1981 Nobel laureate's notebooks is no laborious pilgrimage to hollow wisdom, but a very exhilarating record of 'thirty years of conscious life'. It can be read through like a novel and is probably best approached in that spirit, for aphorisms are entertainments of ideas.

The daily notebooks began as a 'safety valve' when the pressure of work for his vast study *Crowds and Power* grew 'perilous': 'Their freedom and spontaneity, the conviction that they existed only for their own sake and served no purpose, my irresponsibility in never reading them again or changing them in any way, saved me from a fatal paralysis.' The notes are full of black jokes, strange imperatives, contradictions, restless questions, discussions of his reading, self-encouragements and reprimands. The ideas are often experimental, hit-or-miss, sometimes — I think — profound, sometimes daft. Taken whole, the book is charged with energy and fantastic possibilities.

Canetti's intellectual convictions and seclusion are lofty and old-fashioned. There are no mentions of writers since Kafka, of film, TV, computers or popular culture. His conception of the self is essentialist and heroic, not linguistically structured, and he holds that writers are humanly representative and exemplary or they are nothing. He is fearful of systems, especially psychoanalysis, and queries the values of technology and progress. These familiar grumbles are made remarkable by Canetti's pithy expression and by the fact that, whatever the subject, Canetti's concern is power, which he understands in a singular way.

Like Marxism, and partly because of it, power has been abstracted by academic theory and the insistent literalism of Canetti's approach is valuable in itself. He is extraordinarily alert to any tendency or attitude that reduces human variety and potentiality. The notes on language, for example, explore the strengths of particular words — fear, mistrust, goodness, satisfaction— and he writes as if words were animate:

> Sometimes one says one's best and most important things to *just anybody*. One need not be ashamed, for one does not always speak to ears. The words want to be said in order to exist.

His moral insights are sharpest when dealing directly with power:

> The law of correspondences in psychological life: we cannot do anything to another person, no matter how secretly, without something corresponding happening to us. It may be possible that retribution is already contained in the form of our actions.

And he repeatedly cites animals, 'writhing, swallowed, digested, and appropriated', as our eternal victims.

Old-fashioned too is Canetti's religious temper, his belief in belief: 'Faith is a human faculty that can be *expanded*, and anyone who can do so ought to contribute to this expansion'. He never hides his need for Christian categories or his inability to submit to Christian or any other transcendental faith. The tension generated makes Canetti's secular faith in people and experience more vehement, even desperately intense. As anyone who has read *Crowds and Power, Voices of Marrakech* or the autobiography (also to be published here by Deutsch) will know, his capacity for empathy, for accepting otherness, is highly developed. We often see him in these notes exercising that capacity, which he venerates, by his refusals – not to neglect people for work, not to take anything for granted, not to demand less of himself, not to be consoled for loss – and his emphatic, memorable admirations.

Canetti is 80 this year, and recently published his third volume of autobiography. With his famous novel *Auto da Fé*, his polymathic learning, his sense that 'there are no norms any longer' and 'everything has to be rethought', he is a principal witness to and chronicler of the 20th-century collapse of European values. His investigations of power are very idiosyncratic yet somehow feel adequate to the horrors and extremes of the age. They, and the integrality of his mind ('I want to feel everything in me before I think it'), ally him to 'alternative' movements on the political Left. Like its members, he is calling for a transformation — not just a reorganisation — of public and private power.

'When my few real years are up,' he wonders apropos of *Crowds and Power*, 'will others be able to do anything with these rough premonitions?' It's far too soon to say how originative his work will be. Canetti will always move individual readers; his demands may not politically be realisable outside the heaven he knows does not exist. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shorter reviews

The World, the Flesh and Myself
MICHAEL DAVIDSON *GMP* £5.95

The famous first sentence of these memoirs ('This is the life-history of a lover of boys') is invariably printed on the back cover or fly leaf. It seems to have limited the book's readership since 1962 to gay men. But this is also the life history of a libertarian political journalist, committed by emotion rather than ideology to the cause of the underdog: 'I just can't help taking sides against the man with the big stick.'

Not a few big sticks were wielded during his life, so, between idyllic but brief pastorals with pubescent boyfriends, Davidson is seen handing out leaflets for the ILP, selling the *Daily Worker* during the General Strike, joining the German Communist Party, translating anti-Nazi books from the German, writing for the *Daily Worker*, the *Left Review*, the *Observer* (in Korea and Malaya, among other places) and the anti-British *Times of Cyprus*. He married a German communist to get her a British passport ('I can't remember my wife's name'), was responsible for W. H. Auden's getting into print for the first time, was pinched on the bottom by Edward Carpenter and helped defend the alleged EOKA terrorist Nikos Sampson from execution by the British.

All of this is narrated with the rage and wit of complete sanity. Even when his own personal life is under attack, Davidson remains optimistically good humoured. He was imprisoned twice for the kind of beneficial 'offences' against teenagers that make a nonsense of all indiscriminate arguments against paedophilia; and his criminal record followed him for the rest of his life. Yet it is with great glee that he reports how heterosexuals expect naughty perverts to toe the line: Harry Pollitt said to a gay C.P. member, 'Cut it out, 'Erbie, cut it out!' And a policeman said to Davidson himself, 'You better 'ave done with them foreign 'abits.' No wonder people are worried about the proposal for a fixed link with France.

Any autobiographical material on the pre-1967 period is more than welcome from the gay presses. They would be wise to commission more books like this.

Gregory Woods

The Man who Mistook his Wife for a Hat
OLIVER SACKS *Duckworth* £9.95

If Dr Sacks sometimes seems to be trying to batter us into submission with a parade of his formidable erudition, we must resist the temptation to give him up as a bad job on that account. Although he is equally at home with the Arts (confronted by one patient he is immediately reminded not only of four Chekov characters but a passage from Ecclesiastes) as with the Sciences, and makes no concessions to the ignorance of those readers without any knowledge of medical terminology, he does have something pretty important to say.

Taking bizarre and often grotesque examples of symptoms — amnesia, lack of proprioception, habit spasms, visions and incontinent nostalgia — occurring in patients the brakes of whose minds have either failed or seized up, he uses them to illustrate the noblest of concepts: that it is high time that body and mind, or 'it' and 'I', put asunder by the post-Charcot and Babinski neurologists, were reunited.

He is a painstaking traveller bent on the exploration of those regions of 'the very highest parts of the old brain where the affective and instinctual determinants of the personality are lodged'. En route, he urges the erection of bridges between the 'Proustian' and the 'mechanical' (Sherringtonian) explanations of the working of that part of us which distinguishes us from the apes, and signposts the way to the neurology of the future. This he defines, with fairly typical flamboyance, as a 'new and beautiful existential science and therapy, which can join with the systematic to give us a comprehensive understanding and power'.

Although already an eminent neurologist with an interest in rather noisy psychiatry, Dr Sacks has it in him, if he can bring himself to condescend to the shortcomings of lesser intellects, to be the long awaited metaphysician who can interpret that slipperiest of customers, the nature of consciousness.

Bruce Hepburn

My Life in the Silver Screen
GERALD KAUFMAN *Faber* £9.95

Towards the end of Gerald Kaufman's gauche and irritating little book, there's a rather good analysis of the corrupting values of heyday Hollywood cinema — the way it brainwashed audiences, especially women, into accepting the existing social and domestic order. Most of the rest of *My Life in the Silver Screen* is a nostalgic chronicle of half-a-lifetime of filmgoing, ending with a deep-felt sigh of regret for the demise of the cinema as Kaufman knew it; for the loss of 'something precious that helped shape millions of lives'. I find it depressing that a senior Labour politician should have made so little effort to resolve this critical contradiction.

There is, it's true, a certain charm about his catch-all enthusiasm and about his vividly-remembered descriptions of the atmosphere of his childhood in filmgoing Leeds. The disarming confession of his teenage surrender to the celebrated Richard Winnington column in the *News Chronicle* — his determination to see and to pretend to like everything that Winnington recommended — highlights a folly that in one form or other is familiar to most of us.

His attempt to reconstruct his memories into a voyage of gradual discovery, however, gets puddled by the difficulty he has in separating recollection from hindsight — a problem of verbal aptitude as well as of accurate recall.

Besides, he hasn't made any real discoveries. His playful, self-deprecating style masks a 'what a good boy am I' kind of boastfulness about how he (like his mother before him) was able to spot in advance the Hollywood films that would later be dubbed classics.

I'm not usually in the business of error-spotting but I can't help wondering whether it was his over-preoccupation with Hollywood, and his faint-heartedness towards the rest of the world's film-makers, including Britain's, which led him to accuse John Ford of directing *A Bridge Over the River Kwai*.

Nina Hibbin

Night Life: The Interpretation of Dreams
LIAM HUDSON *Weidenfeld* £12.95

In 1983 Francis Crick and Graham Mitchison published a paper in *Nature* outlining a new theory of dreams, which claimed that they were only the subjective aspect of a nightly clearing of mental junk. A spate of articles followed, mostly hostile to Crick and Mitchison.

Liam Hudson, Professor of Psychology at Brunel University, has now attempted a synthesis of Crick's theory and older ideas of dream interpretation. In this, he is heavily indebted to Charles Rycroft's conception of the dream as 'an involuntary kind of poetry'. This quote, which originally came from the German Romantic poet Jean Paul Richter via Darwin's *The Descent of Man*, furnishes the book's epigraph.

The analogy with poetry enables Hudson to suggest (as had Rycroft before him) that the techniques of literary criticism, especially the analysis of ambiguity, can help in the interpretation of dreams. For, despite his wish to incorporate Crick's theory, he does believe that dreams can have meaning — indeed he regards the dream as an endangered species worthy of protection.

In most respects, *Night Life* compares unfavourably with Rycroft's lucid *The Innocence of Dreams* (1979). Hudson calls the Crick approach 'bottom up' and dream interpretation theories 'top down' and looks forward to a day when the two approaches would 'knit together, and the conceptual gap between mechanistic and interpretative modes of explanation would close'. But there's nothing in this book to show how this could be realised. The literary examples are disappointing, and do little to bear out his analogy between poem and dream.

Some original work on dream recall, carried out at Edinburgh, is included, but *Night Life* functions mostly as a tour of the state of the art. Surprisingly, there is only a passing reference to the revealing phenomenon of lucid dreaming.

Hudson's inclusive sensibility sometimes leads him astray. In a footnote to the often-cited dream of Kekulé, in which the chemist had a vision of the structure of benzene in the form of a snake swallowing its tale, Hudson writes: 'Hydrogen atoms execute butterfly orbits' — it is the electron cloud that hovers above and below the benzene ring, not the hydrogen atoms.

Peter Forbes

Stevie
JACK BARBERA and WILLIAM McBRIEN *Heinemann* £15

There is no rhyme or reason for this first 'unofficial' biography of Stevie Smith, the poet. I was one of her many friends during the ten years of her life up to her death in 1971. At heart she remained the omnipotent child who expected the whole world to revolve around her. The strength and weakness of this impossible position can be found in her poem 'To Carry The Child', the last four lines of which say it all:

> But oh the poor child, the poor child, what can he do,
> Trapped in a grown-up carapace,
> But peer outside of his prison room
> With the eye of an anarchist?

In fact, Stevie's complete autobiography is to be found in her poems and fictions like *Novel on Yellow Paper*. So what are these two American academics up to apart from accumulating more cash for their old age? In Chapter 1 they retell the already much retold story of when Stevie received the Gold Medal for Poetry:

> Needing a hat for her trip to Buckingham Palace, Stevie went to the jumble sale sponsored by St John's Church in Palmers Green. She acquired a second-hand one, according to the then Vicar of St John's, and 'everybody thought it was killingly funny that that hat was going to go up to the Queen!' . . . On the day she went to the Palace she decided against wearing the hat she'd acquired at St John's. *But, as is true of much about Stevie's life, the detail has become the stuff of legend.* (My italics).

But what need have we of the legend when we have Stevie's magnificent poems? This last sentence is the complete give-away of Barbera and McBrien's parasitical method throughout: in amassing this vast conglomeration of trivia, they are constantly dealing in supposition rather than fact. This has nothing to do with the writing of serious literary biography.

In fact, the only authentic account of Stevie's visit to the palace is to be found in Kay Dick's heart-warming and incisive interview in *Ivy and Stevie* (Allison & Busby). No matter that Hugh Whitemore lifted from precisely the same material for both the play and the film *Stevie*. Here is the same material regurgitated with acknowledgement to Hugh Whitemore! It makes me puke. I am certain it would have had the same effect on Stevie.

John Horder

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hooked on Northern Ireland

Tom Gallagher

Northern Ireland, A Personal Perspective
MERLYN REES, *Methuen* £19.95
The British State and the Ulster Crisis: From Wilson to Thatcher
PAUL BEW & HENRY PATTERSON
Verso £16.50 & £4.95

AMONG THE DOZENS of British politicians saddled with duties in Ireland Merlyn Rees must stand virtually alone because of his enthusiasm for the task. 'I would not have wanted any other job' was his reaction on being appointed Ulster Secretary in the 1974 Wilson government. This scholarly man was also well-versed in Irish history but, from this densely written and sometimes confusing account of his time in Belfast, it comes over as a very dubious asset, at least in his case.

His accumulated knowledge of a long and troubled past seems to have left him with the feeling that the ability of even well-meaning British statesmen to untangle the Ulster knot is very limited. He doubts whether Labour could have brought to an end one-party Unionist rule in 1972 in the way that the Tories had done and, two years later, he was pessimistic about the chances of the powersharing executive drawing together the moderates of both the unionist and nationalist communities: 'I told Harold Wilson soon after taking office it would collapse before long.'

Rees has been much criticised for his handling of the loyalist strike, organised by skilled workers and initially hesitant politicians, which brought down the executive in May 1974. His critics, who include members of the executive, are still heard to argue that if he had 'faced down' the hardliners and deployed the army in the early days of the stoppage, their tactic would have failed, just as it had in the recent past, and the most hopeful British initiative ever seen in Ulster might even have gone on to realise its aim of isolating both sets of extremists and forging a common Ulster identity.

This is conjecture, but the view that comes across in the book that the strike had a sort of grim inevitability which made Mr Rees's response almost superfluous is plainly inadequate. It is refuted by the testimonies of key loyalist planners who admit that they went into the strike with very little hope of victory. Not just in his description of the 1974 crisis does Rees come across as a spectator who was sitting out events rather than seeking to rally the forces of moderation. On television, he appeared gaunt and highly-strung, sometimes his language was confusing and generally he failed to inspire those Ulster voters who had given a clear mandate for powersharing in 1973. 'They're winning. We had better get on their side' was how Lord Fitt summed up the slide to the hardliners. Rees even quotes the damaging assessment of Richard Francis, the BBC controller in Belfast: 'for long periods, the Northern Ireland Office . . . seemed powerless and speechless'.

At Rees's quarters, in the aptly-named Culloden hotel, 'middle-class late-night drinkers' taunted him in unison with the cry of 'traitor'. By the end of the strike the lack of authority Labour's team in Ulster possessed was summed up by one incident involving Rees's deputy — Stanley Orme found himself locked out of his office at Stormont because the doorkeeper had slept in, having been up all night celebrating the downfall of the executive.

If the 1974 fiasco had taken place in Britain and not in distant Ulster, convention might have forced the resignations of Rees and Orme. But instead of an outcry the feeling at Westminster was 'there but for the grace of God . . .'

In retrospect, it can now be seen that 1974 was the turning point at which Ulster ceased to be a short-term emergency for Britain and became a grim long-term commitment which has devoured not just blood and treasure but precious civil liberties. Perhaps Rees's willingness to soldier on till late 1976 ought to be commended. He was tougher than he looked and, months before his transfer to the Home Office, he remarked that he 'was hooked on Northern Ireland', this after two attempts on his life.

No other former Ulster secretary displays such compassion for the ordinary people there or continuing interest in their affairs. However, to be well-meaning and sincere is not enough and this could easily stand as the epitaph for Rees's whole career. He never displayed a sure enough feel for the place or an understanding of the province's delicate nuances. The book's ungrammatical lapses and concentration on the minutiae of his stay in Belfast show up his failure as a communicator and his inability to see the wood from the trees. His absent-minded air was a luxury in the deadly game of Ulster politics: he relates that in 1972 he shared a car ride with Rory O'Brady, president of Sinn Fein, without having recognised him, the driver being Dr John O'Connell, a well-connected Dublin MP whose name is repeatedly misspelt in the book.

Efforts to refloat a devolved assembly dominate the later chapters along with Rees's decision to wind up internment and enter into a shaky cease-fire with the IRA in 1975. These were bold steps but surprisingly little is revealed about two sombre decisions of the Rees era: the withdrawal of special category status for republican and loyalist prisoners which unleashed a deadly struggle that has radicalised the nationalist community; and the policy of 'Ulsterisation' (a term Rees omits to use here) whereby the battle against terrorism has been largely placed in the hands of a police force and UDR regiment drawn from the Protestant community. Rees hoped for a mixed force but he should not have been surprised at this outcome.

The treatment Catholics have received from Protestants in uniform has, more than anything else, alienated them from state institutions while the deaths of their sons and daughters on duty has inflamed countless Protestants who now think only of bloody vengeance. If civil war ultimately proves unavoidable, historians of the future may well be inclined to put much of the

PRESENT PROBLEMS SOLVED

Jean-Paul Sartre
THE FREUD SCENARIO
In 1958 John Huston asked Jean-Paul Sartre to write a scenario for a film about Sigmund Freud. *The Freud Scenario* recently discovered in the papers Sartre left after his death is the result. It is a fluent and fitting account of one great modern thinker as seen by another. '. . . in the very best Sartrean vein.' — *Le Figaro*
550 pages
Hardback £16.95 86091 121 7

Jean-Paul Sartre
WAR DIARIES
Notebooks from a Phoney War
'. . . enormously impressive, with all the crispness and manic intelligence which distinguish the early short stories and his one undoubted masterpiece, *La Nausée*.' — *The Observer*
366 pages
Paperback £6.95 86091 827 0
Hardback £14.95 86091 087 3

Carlo Ginzburg
THE ENIGMA OF PIERO
The author of the widely acclaimed *The Cheese and the Worms* sifts the evidence in the paintings of Piero della Francesca to produce a remarkable portrait of the man and his work. 'Lifts a corner of the veil on the mystery of beauty.' — *L'Express*
176 pages including 94 illustrations
Hardback £12.95 86091 116 0

Peter Esam, Robert Good, Rick Middleton
WHO'S TO BENEFIT?
A Radical Review of the Social Security System
Tackling the Fowler proposals head on, *Who's to Benefit?* presents a thorough critique of the present social security system and proposes radical, wide-ranging reforms.
158 pages
Paperback £4.95 86091 818 1
Hardback £16.50 86091 111 X

If you would like further details of these or other Verso titles, please write to: Verso, 15 Greek Street, London W1V 5LF.

VERSO
Critical Publishing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blame on Ulsterisation and the unwitting architect who dares not speak its name.

It is something of a relief to turn to two Belfast radical academics who at least know how to provide an analytical framework for looking at *The British State and the Ulster Crisis*. Awareness of local conditions has resulted in a sober and unpolemical analysis that is noticeably superior to much previous writing on Ireland from the British left where anger and perhaps guilt about British Labour policy there has led to an emphasis on instant solutions that could well have lethal results if implemented.

Bew and Patterson see a way ahead in challenging economic stagnation and the differential access to resources which reproduces sectarianism in Ulster. They slam the 'ignorance and ineptitude' of the Direct Rule regime which has 'treated reform as a largely accomplished fact'. Rees's 'bumbling performance' is underscored, though they are unable to surpass his own testimony. Attention might have been paid to how the polarisation of British politics has had a knock-on effect in Ulster since 1979, but Verso are to be congratulated for breaking a lengthy silence on Ireland with this book. □

William Scammell

Three jolly barbers

It's haircut time in Palo Alto.
Three jolly barbers, multiplied fore
and aft in giant mirrors, liquid tool
of the trade, are listening to the game
and calling out jokes their fathers made.
We are on Spinoza or Balzac Ave.
This is a university town
laid out like a crossword puzzle
more or less anyone could solve.
The sun is shining, the tall trees growing.

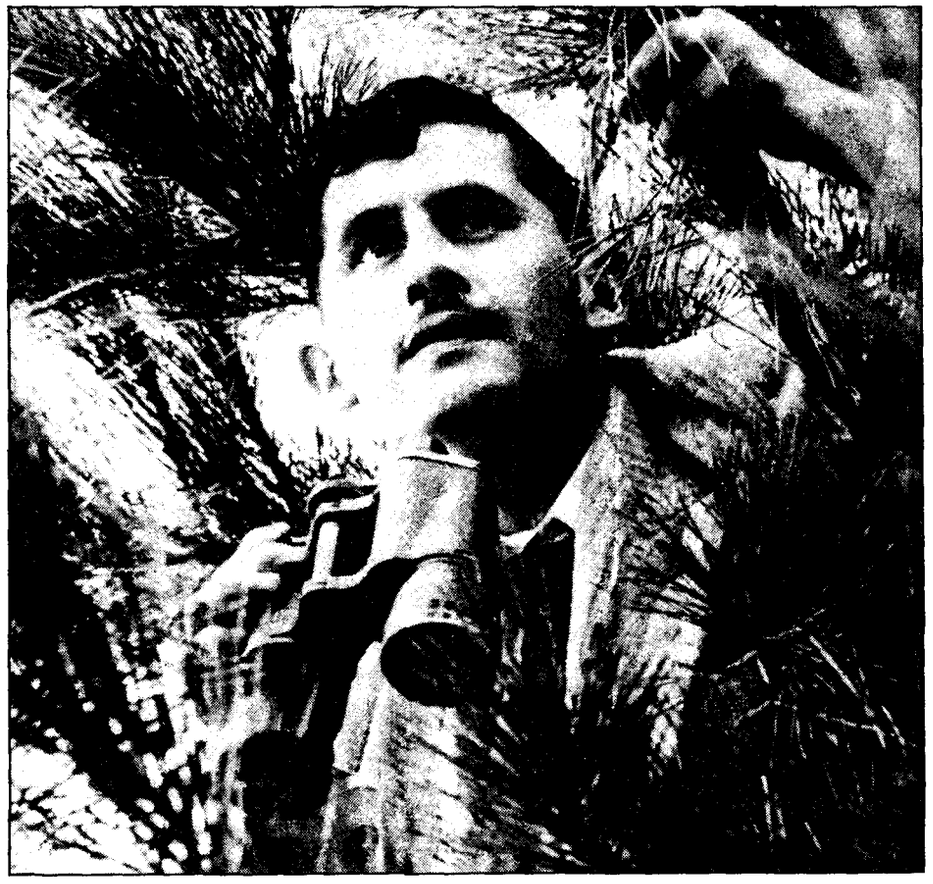
Rich in hair-splitting tautologists
a battery of experts analyses tactics
on and off the air. The barbers snip
their scissors; as the game warms up
their combs freeze in mid-air. All three
have bellies and a belt. They move
like dancers who have danced so long
they've slowed down to vestigial movements
of the hands and feet. Each foot
is shining, each substantial arm
fits snugly in its short-sleeved shirt.

Every so often they walk
in back and front of you
like courtroom lawyers on TV,
acting themselves but with a higher good in
view.
I paid my dollars, plus a goodish tip,
and wandered to a second-hand
bookshop, name of *Chimaera*, where
my whole appearance ceased, and I
grew even happier than before.

FILMS

Horses for courses

John Coleman



No, not a Halley's Comet freak, but Cyril (Phillip Gordon) at the races in *Came a Hot Friday*

Came a Hot Friday (PG)
Classics, Chelsea and Tottenham Court Road; Odeon, Kensington
Legend (PG)
Leicester Square Theatre; selected release
The Black Pirate (U)
ICA, from 20 December
Alice in Wonderland (U)
Everyman, from 27 December

ANYONE WHO STILL thinks New Zealand is the All Blacks, Hadlee knocking back Aussie stumps and more-British-than-the-British green lawns on which Union Jacks are ceremonially raised and lowered is in for a gleeful surprise with Ian Mune's **Came a Hot Friday**, where the year is 1949, 'the privations of war are behind us — there is money to be made' and two con men get chased out of town for laying last-minute bets on horse races already run.

So plump, poetry-quoting Wes (Peter Bland) and cuff-shooting little ladies' runt Cyril (Phillip Gordon) drive their muddy jalopy into rural Tainuia Junction where the racetrack is handily close to a public callbox, gambling, booze and sex figure high on the menu, and a zany Maori with a cap-pistol (marvellous Polynesian actor Billy T. James) plays at Zorro as the self-styled Te Whakinga Kid, befriending the cheating duo against ruthless local baddies. With an erratic, whooping pal like him you hardly need enemies.

The film, adapted by Mune and Dean Parker from a novel by the late, beloved Ronald Hugh Morrieson (Penguin £2.50), crowds a fresh canvas with down-to-earth characters — women of elastic virtue; Aunt Agg as morality's pillar; a debt-ridden drunk who commits arson at the behest of the lean, mean organiser of a dance-hall-cum-casino, raising a cheerful audience for the blaze in which an old guy perishes; dumb young Dan recruited by silver-tongued Wes to lay phone-coded wagers; a vindictive bookie — and hurtles them along through good bad jokes, rawly comic incidents, chases and reversals via split-second editing. As Wes and Cyril, down but not out, motor past a war memorial service to new pickings, the gathered townsfolk turn resolute backs. Yet the sense, in this well-mounted period caper, is that they will be missed. A seedy, stylised microcosm has been established, as folksy-shrewd as Runyon's Broadway (that 'Hardened Artery') is urban and un-urbane.

No coherent world of any kind is displayed in Ridley Scott's expensive, studio-built **Legend**, a sword-and-sorcery affair whose limp title presages borrowings from all over, right down to a Tinkerbell-creature Peter Pan would surely

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recommended viewing

A regular selection by our critic from films still doing the rounds

Dim Sum Hong Kong-born Wayne Wang's appealing mosaic portrait (with visual bows to Japanese master Ozu) of Chinese family in freshly observed San Francisco: widowed mother, unmarried daughter, cheery uncle. Touching, humorous, astringent, a young director's invitation to 'only connect'.

Prizzi's Honour With genial fidelity to Richard Condon's triple-cross comedy of mafioso manners, veteran John Huston keeps it in *his* 'family' as daughter Anjelica pops wickedly up to net Jack Nicholson's bemused killer, love-torn Charley, from a killing new wife (Kathleen Turner).

My Beautiful Laundrette Low-budget, high-jinking mix of racism, gay love and Thatcherite ethics in today's Britain. Hanif Kureishi wittily scripts and Stephen Frears warmly directs ironic, tangled tale of South London Pakistani lad and ex-NF boyfriend managing title business for Saeed Jaffrey's superb, rascally rich uncle.

have doused at birth. There is a huge forest-set with pools, sunlight and giant, floating dandruff, transformed to winter when pure Princess Lili disobeys nature-boy Jack and touches one of a pair of unicorns, thus aiding Tim Curry's horned and cloven Lord of Darkness in *his* huge underground-set with torches and tunnels and tame terrors. Curry *loathes* the sun, apparently, though what unicorns here signify William Hjortsberg's screenplay fails to establish. A confused commotion of goblins and elves cavorts; there is a naughty, up-cheering moment when Lili appears in a little black number and black lipstick; a cowardly mannikin is called Pox but who caught him I forget. Oh, Good wins, so *do* take the kids.

Fiddlesticks. Turn, rather, to the athletic pleasure of Douglas Fairbanks's company in the 1926 silent, **The Black Pirate**, officially directed by Albert Parker but bearing the unmistakable stamp of the swashbuckler himself as star, producer and author of the original story. Pleasingly shot in two-tone Technicolor, it displays Fairbanks, teeth bared in a grin and chest bared for action, as the Duke of Arnoldo out to avenge his father's death at the hands of pirates. After killing their captain in a duel, he takes over the motley crew, proving his prowess by capturing a galleon single-handed. In a rightly celebrated sequence of breathtaking seamlessness, he rows out to the galleon, clutches at the anchor rope, scuttles aboard, swims up the rigging, then — stabbing his dagger into the sail — slides slittingly back to the deck, where he grabs two cannons and threatens the galleon's men until 'his' pirates come to join him. Billie Dove is the ravishing Princess whom Arnoldo has later to rescue, Sam de Grasse the villain with the trade-mark sneer and Donald Crisp the genial, one-armed Scot who chums up with Doug.

Its rarity value to one side, the most charming thing about Lou Bunin's 1946-50 **Alice in Wonderland** — made in France and Britain, out-trumped by Disney in the States and never released over here because of its portrayal of Queen Victoria by a dictatorial Pamela Brown (who also voiced the Queen of Hearts) — is not so much its laboured-over puppets, and even less the faded Ansco colour, but the amusing and respectful approach of its opening live-action sequences, with Stephen Murray an excellent Dodgson, querulous about the incessant bell Great Tom and smuggling a cherry tart to Carol Marsh's Alice, Felix Aylmer benevolently tactful as her father, Dean Liddell. A curiosity, a curate's egg, at its best a cure for what ails you. □

THEATRE

Tangled forest

Benedict Nightingale

Yonadab
PETER SHAFFER *Olivier*

IT HAS BEEN quite a struggle trying to take Peter Shaffer as seriously as he's always seemed to take himself; but, at *Yonadab*, I began at least to find myself able to do so. The play is, to be sure, never very impressive and at moments positively maddening. Isn't it time Shaffer got over his weakness for florid, gasping rhetoric, the sort of overblown quasi-poetry that has people 'impaled on the inextricable point of pointlessness' or talks of sex in terms of 'the hunter in the tangled forest where all paths lead to the same blank clearing'? Yet isn't there something, well, plucky about him too? In a world of mainly thin plays on mainly monochrome subjects, isn't there a cranky heroism in the way he leaps across the centuries feverishly banging away at grand metaphysical themes that have foxed finer minds than his?

Yonadab occurs some 2,500 years before *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*, 2,700 before *Amadeus* and 2,900-odd before *Equus*, yet brings together ideas and obsessions to be found in all three. There's the envious outsider, the man who feels himself emotionally and spiritually deprived, yearning to acquire the capacities, gifts and strengths he believes another unjustly to have been given. There's the reaching for an ecstasy which invariably turns out to be impure, imperfect, flawed or failed in some way. There's the outrage at a universe that's perverse or empty or perversely empty: a paradoxical mix of atheism and wishfulness rather similar to that expressed by Beckett's Hamm, for whom God was 'that bastard — he doesn't even exist'. There's the hope, invariably disappointed, that somehow human beings will so harness the twin powers of love and creativity as themselves to become gods on earth.

More specifically, we're presented with Yonadab, unregarded hanger-on in King David's court and 'voyeur extraordinary'. When the monarch's son Amnon abjectly falls for his half-sister Tamar, this character encourages him to rape her, for reasons that aren't altogether malicious or smutty. At some strange, superstitious level of himself, Yonadab semi-demi-believes his own argument, that incest will magically transform the couple into a Jewish equivalent of Osiris and Isis, or Zeus and Hera, or some other dual divinity. But no such thing happens, either then or later, when Absalom is similarly inveigled into seeing sex with his sister as a short-cut to rapturous omnipotence. Celestial love turns out to be 'just another fuck'; the would-be men-gods are exposed as credulous clods; Jehovah is revealed as a sort of malevolent void; Yonadab is left feeling more peripheral, doubting and derelict than ever; and only Tamar seems to gain. In her indignation at the male world which has abused her, she finds the cunning to get her revenge and the courage to become an Old Testament sibyl, much visited by wronged wives and feared by their husbands.

Shaffer's tale and Peter Hall's production have their moments all right. Whenever Leigh Lawson's Amnon is onstage, whether he's lugubriously coveting Wendy Morgan's Tamar or stolidly stalking her or morosely mourning her sexual insufficiency, the action comes to something that might without exaggeration be called life. So it does at the murder of this woebegone clown-Caliban, which happens very inventively and bloodily inside the diaphanous curtains that cleverly switch from evoking tents or bedchambers to being the grim, solid walls of grim, solid places. So it does when Patrick Stewart's peppy David is charismaticly holding court or Anthony Head's Absalom, 'the incandescent prig', is displaying his insufferable conceit, or Ms Morgan's Tamar is slyly beginning to manipulate events her way.

But Shaffer isn't content to let his action take its own course and suggest its own meaning. He doesn't trust it adequately to cope with his obsessions, still less draw conclusions from them. At any rate, he's all too evidently omnipresent himself, commenting and arguing and interpreting and adjudicating in a style that's sometimes nudging and colloquial, sometimes sententious and sermonising, but either way leaves us in the audience scant space to indulge what little capacity for intellectual speculation we ourselves might possess. What's worse, his chosen mouthpiece or megaphone is a single character, one who dominates the evening without being very plausible or interesting in himself: Yonadab.

The psychiatrist Dysart in *Equus* and the composer Salieri in *Amadeus* were both expected to narrate their respective stories and bring out those stories' significance; but each of them could also claim some consistency of character, and the latter a certain sombre fascination as well. That's not the case with Yonadab, who seems a Biblical Iago or Mephistopheles, an anachronistic version of the archetypal man-in-the-dirty-mac, a humanist idealist and searcher-after-truth, and a sardonically alienated rebel, depending on how Shaffer is feeling and what his plot is wanting. It could, I suppose, all add up to an intriguingly intricate character; and its failure to do so could, I suppose, partly be blamed on the actor playing him. Alan Bates's built-in sneer can become splendidly eloquent, indeed rise to a sort of superciliousness *in excelsis*, but scarcely convinces us we're in the presence of someone who cares very much about metaphysical ultimates.

Yet that excuse won't quite do, because the root problem is surely the writing. The sincerity and seriousness of Shaffer's philosophic anguishings aren't in doubt, and his instinctive theatricality has been demonstrated in play after

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

play. The trouble here, the reason one sometimes gets the impression of being earnestly buttonholed by a man on a soapbox in the middle of a grand opera without music, is that those two elements fail to coalesce; and the case of Yonadab is more contradictory still.

He's now a Shaffer surrogate passing himself off as an objective creation, now a dramatic device posing as a person, but either way he has to carry the play. It is too large, curious and unwieldy a burden for so fragile, feeble and lazily conceived a support. □

MUSIC: 1

Amadeus dead or alive

Andrew Clements

Don Giovanni
Coliseum
Cosi fan tutte
ÖSTMAN *L'Oiseau-Lyre* 414 316 2
(three compact discs)

JONATHAN MILLER's Mozart productions are invariably intelligent, not so reliably entertaining. His new **Don Giovanni** for English National Opera is a serious affair, austerely designed (by Philip Prowse) and costumed in monochrome, with humour kept on a tight rein. The stage is dominated by a crumbling edifice, whose rotations and inversions provide the variable geometry for the proceedings; an air of desperation and oppression pervades everything.

This is a portrait of a Giovanni who has abandoned charm in favour of animal intensity and cruelty and who is finally delivered up to the shades of those women he has systematically exploited and betrayed; moralising is kept to a minimum. No piece of stage business lacks purpose; every detail is most carefully considered. Yet the overall effect is strangely bloodless, without real dramatic intensity or emotional power.

The cast is potentially a fine one. Richard Van Allen is perhaps the most experienced Leporello in the business, and one of the heroes of the Peter Hall/Glyndebourne production subsequently recorded for EMI; William Shimell was an impressive Giovanni a year ago in the endlessly fascinating staging by Ruth Berghaus for Welsh National Opera; Felicity Lott (Donna Elvira) and Josephine Barstow (Donna Anna) are both sopranos of considerable stage presence. Why the recipe went wrong, despite the ingredients, puzzled me for much of the evening.

Certainly, Lott is fundamentally miscast: hers is essentially a smooth, soft-cored voice, without the cutting edge that much of Elvira's music requires; time after time important dramatic points are undermined by her lack of incisiveness. Barstow is such a superb actress that her portrayal is perfectly convincing, even if her singing took a long time to find its focus, and her final aria was the only point in the opera at which real expressiveness was generated. Shimell and Van Allen will doubtless hone their repartee as the run goes on — though brutish, staccato exchanges are surely part of Miller's conception — and maybe Shimell will begin to add some depth to what is already the framework of an intense, almost psychotic Don. There are other bright spots, too: Lesley Garrett's lively, touching Zerlina and, more intermittently, Maldwyn Davies's Ottavio.

More positive direction from the pit would have redeemed a great deal. The orchestral playing was routine and Mark Elder's conducting did not suggest any useful insights; faster passages from the overture onwards were hard driven, as if to compensate for a lack of genuine tension, but gradually even that sense of urgency dropped away.

There is no want of urgency in Arnold Östman's view of **Cosi fan tutte,** recorded with the chorus and orchestra of the Drottningholm Court Theatre in Stockholm. The last *Don Giovanni* I heard in the opera house was conducted by Östman at Covent Garden. That was close to a disaster, for he failed to adapt his ideas on 18th-century performing style to the constraints of a traditional opera-house orchestra and assorted cast, and ultimately fell between all stools. This *Cosi* gives a much better idea of what he's about. The Drottningholm Orchestra uses 18th-century instruments, the singers pay careful attention to the niceties of ornamentation and have evidently been chosen for the lightness of their tone.

The benefits of such an approach are easy to hear. With orchestral strings that lack the tonal power of modern instruments, there is a more equitable balance between woodwind, brass and strings; the woodwind detail emerges more clearly, the trumpets and drums can make their points without undue emphasis. By observing the letter of the vocal line, the shape of each phrase makes much more verbal sense and there is never any need to force tone over the orchestral accompaniment. Articulation for the cast and orchestra is eased a great deal by the thinner, more flexible sound world.

Yet Östman's own interpretative ideas seem to take ultra-fast tempi as a prerequisite: the overture is alarmingly breathless and sometimes his speeds are too much for the singers to manage comfortably. The temptation to move as far as possible from the expressively drenched, texturally thick convention of much 20th-century Mozart playing is no doubt hard to resist, but certainly he sometimes goes too far for the sense or the dramatic pacing of the music. The cast is not the young Swedish one originally used for the Drottningholm performances; it is more international, grafted onto the existing production style. Largely, it manages well — if never managing to sound the emotional depths in the characters that it might have done in any other interpretation — and Östman is ever alert to the drama and keeps the recitatives buzzing with energy. It is in the last resort the *concept* that will attract anyone in this account; the individual merits of the singers (and none is less than acceptable) are to some extent irrelevant. No one would pretend that this *Cosi* presents the opera precisely as Mozart would have heard it, but it is certainly closer to that sound than anything else we have encountered. Whether it transcends historical curiosity is for potential listeners to decide for themselves. □

MUSIC: 2

On the pulse

Donny O'Rourke

SCOTTISH FOLK MUSIC has never been as easy to caricature as its English counterpart. Jibes about people singing through their noses with their fingers in their ears are simply not applicable; up here, we've always had the finger out.

Scots folk music is currently enjoying a modest but significant renaissance — and it's one with implications that go beyond the music itself. The sheer amount of folk music that's available is impressive. Edinburgh and Glasgow both mount week-long festivals annually, Edinburgh's in the spring, Glasgow's in the summer. Over the summer period, not a month goes by without a festival somewhere in Scotland. Youth clubs are springing up; established clubs are doing better business than at any time since the folk boom of the late Fifties and early Sixties; the better known artistes can fill large-ish concert venues and there's more folk music (the real thing, not just commercialised sing-along pap) on radio and television.

Young people want to learn how to sing and play this music and there are workshops on offer in which people can swap skills and items from their repertoires. Hearteningly, the old, sterile arguments as to what is and what is not authentic folk have been drowned out amid this new-found

New Statesman Subscribers

With our issue dated 6 December we have begun to post the *NS* to subscribers flat wrapped in polythene. Please help us to monitor this change by writing to **Joanne Hurst, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU** if you notice any disruption to your normal delivery service.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enthusiasm. So folk is Billy Bragg writing protest songs you can bop to, or Champion Pipers playing along with synthesisers or, as it always was, ordinary women and men using the chisel of their experience to re-shape the great ballads of the unaccompanied tradition. Folk, in short, is whatever audience and performer together deem it to be.

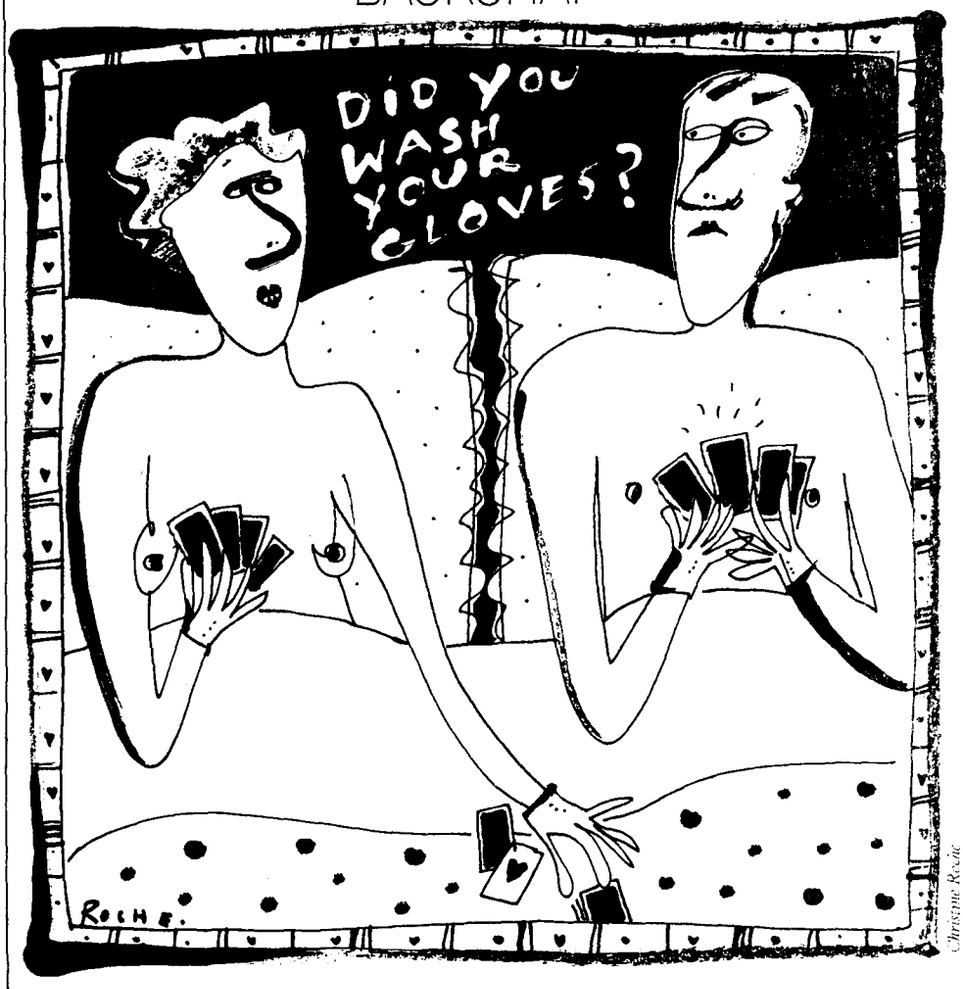
It's important not to exaggerate. The average Glaswegian's knowledge of the New Folk Music is likely to be tentative. We are still some way from seeing a folk song perched at the top of the pop charts (a feat pulled off by Irish music from time to time; but our Celtic cousins have more of an historical stake in their music and deeper wells of sentiment to dip into). The fact remains, though, that we have a boom on our hands and one that chimes well with the general revival of cultural life in Scotland.

The wider significance of folk music's part in this is two-fold. First it gives a fillip to national feeling (as opposed to Nationalist Sentiment) — helping people to feel more fully and articulately Scottish. It provides a medium that song-writers can use to look at what it means to be a Scot and in which musicians can compose new melodies, in a traditional idiom, that are identifiably Scottish. Second, folk, being inherently opposed to the status quo, offers a flexible framework for the expression of anti-Thatcher disaffection.

Committed performers are everywhere to be found. Dick Gaughan, probably Scotland's foremost singer and guitar player, is just one of many musicians speaking out for the sacked miners, CND, the struggle in Nicaragua. This is preaching to the converted, yes, but the increased availability of a folk music that is popular in the best sense, benefiting from the instrumental sophistication of rock music, a music at once true to the past and in touch with the present, is attracting and will continue to attract new listeners.

There is room for improvement. Too many folk clubs are still beery, smoky, male-dominated dungeons, where outsiders are made to feel as if handing over the price of admission is a privilege. There is a problem with sexism in folk music (although we don't have the hunting songs which disfigure the English tradition and there is a splendid all-female group, Sprangees, active on the folk circuit). And there are still those who enjoy the élitism, the sense of persecution occasioned by a minority interest, that the notion of 'folk for the folkies' brings in its train. But the performers and enthusiasts most attached to the living tradition welcome the spirit of eclecticism and the renovating zeal of the younger musicians.

The music has never been more varied. On a festival billing it is possible to find an uncompromisingly traditional singer like Lizzie Higgins, a rock-influenced singer/songwriter like Rab Noakes and a band blending traditional and modern material and techniques such as (say) The Battlefield Band. Just as the physical facts that shaped the folk tradition continue resolutely to disappear — the mines, the shipyards, the small farms, the fishing industry — that tradition is taking on a new lease of life. Folk musicians in Scotland have a good deal to say about what's happening now, in songs that are musically and culturally in touch. And it's a lot easier to keep a finger on the pulse when it's not sticking in your ear. □



Christine Roche

What happened to herpes?

Simon Rae

REMEMBER HERPES in its media heyday? — herpes, the sexually transmitted disease you could catch from a lavatory seat, with a towel/sheet life of 72 hours, possible links with cervical cancer, a danger to the unborn baby in pregnancy — and with you, and whoever you passed it on to, for life. Confidently predicted by some as marking the end of sexual permissiveness ('Jerry Falwell's revenge' it was nicknamed in the States), herpes presented a prurient and retributive popular press with a custom-built story. But then suddenly the uncontrollable epidemic dropped from sight. The reason is not hard to find. What happened to herpes? has a very simple answer, put succinctly by Dr Mindel of the Middlesex Hospital: 'Aids is what happened to herpes.' A tabloid editor's dream, 'Gay Plague' makes far better shock-horror headlines than a non-fatal 'love virus'. Curious to discover whether the problems of herpes had diminished with the evaporation of media interest, I went along to the Herpes Association to talk to co-ordinator Mike Wolfe.

Dismissing the herpes 'epidemic' and attendant atmosphere of panic as largely a 'manufactured' crisis, a bad example of media 'hype', Mike Wolfe underlined the consequences of that campaign which are still causing acute unhappiness today. Every week the Association receives about a hundred letters (and a similar number of phone calls) from people who are desperately worried about the disease. 'I have never felt so isolated and alone in all my life'; 'I am scared people will think I'm some kind of a leper'; 'I am 30 and feel destined for a life alone which seems unbearable'; 'Last week I found myself looking for a way to end it all.'

The reason people feel pariahs is because they've been told to feel that way. Before the Eighties herpes was regarded as 'for the most part . . . a mild infection which, if kept clean, will heal spontaneously', to quote *The Lancet* (5 January 1980). The problem is that the herpes virus makes its way from the site of infection (genitals or lips — its basic requirement is mucous membrane or 'wet skin'), and lodges in the sacral ganglion at the base of the spine, beyond the reach of the body's immune system. From there it can stage break-outs to replicate the original symptoms — cold sores, or blisters on or around the sex organs. It is these recurrences which make the condition such a trial, and earn the disease its 'incurable' tag. But for as many as 50 per cent of people who contract herpes there are no recurrences at all, and only for a small

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

minority are they a serious physical problem. But little of that got through the barrage of press sensationalism.

The Herpes Association, formed in 1982 and GLC funded since 1984, sets itself the task of combating the tide of misinformation, myth, prejudice and fear, offering those who join or contact it through its Helpline information and advice. Very often the herpes victim's initial reaction seems closely akin to feelings of bereavement — because the disease is perceived as the termination of normal sexual activity. In fact, while sexual contact should be avoided during recurrences, herpes is by no means the end of sex. What new sufferers need is good sympathetic counselling.

I took this point up with Dr John Oates of Addenbrooke's and the Westminster Hospitals, the author of *Herpes: The Facts* (Penguin, £1.95). He readily accepted that people needed more than 'a gramophone record and leaflet' and said he tried to give his new patients two solid counselling sessions. He thought that the medical profession generally was coming to terms with the psychological dimensions of the disease. But while acknowledging that the 'enormous worries' patients, especially women, have about herpes are 'real', they are 'not very serious risks'. The threat of cervical cancer — and the link with herpes is by no means proven — should be met by regular smears; herpes in pregnancy can be carefully monitored and surmounted if need be by Caesarian section. Indeed, Dr Oates takes a surprisingly relaxed attitude to the disease. While, obviously, sufferers and those worried about contracting herpes should take common-sense precautions (the use of condoms in casual sex for instance), people should not be overly concerned about the danger of contagion. 'If there's someone you want to go to bed with, it's a risk well worth taking.'

As for a cure — there seems no likelihood of a treatment which will root the virus out of its lair in the ganglia being discovered in the foreseeable future. However, progress is being made with a vaccine for high-risk individuals such as the spouses of herpes sufferers, and with Acyclovir, a drug that can reduce primary symptoms and, even more significantly, strongly inhibit recurrences. According to Dr Mindel, it represents 'a major breakthrough'. He and colleagues at the Middlesex Hospital Medical School are currently doing tests on the drug to establish correct dosage levels for recurrent sufferers. The problem is that the treatment would involve taking 'tablets every single day' and at a pound a pill, and four to five pills a day, the cost seems prohibitive. At the moment, the drug is only licensed for use against primary attacks, but the hope is that the drug, produced by Burroughs Wellcome, will come down in price and Dr Mindel told me that it should be licensed for prescription against recurrence within the next six to eight months. Which is good news for all concerned.

But the final word should go to Mike Wolfe. Even with the current medical developments, 'the greatest advance in treatment would be public awareness of the true facts about herpes'. □

For further information, contact The Herpes Association, 41 North Road, London N7 9DP (phone 01-609 9061)

Naseem Khan
All ages

I HAD TO VISIT an old people's home a few years back. Matron led me through an ugly, neon-lit dining area, with a crowd of oldies watching television in one corner. As we passed, one of them chirped up, 'Could you adjust the picture for us, Matron? It's a bit hazy.' Matron drew her breath in with faint exasperation, stopped, switched over channels to something completely different. 'There, that's better,' she said briskly, and passed on.

This utter disregard for the old was in my mind when I went to see *All Our Christmases*, a show that, by contrast, promised actively to reflect the lives of the old. It had been set up by Age Exchange, a small group that works more or less exclusively with pensioners: collecting reminiscences, recording them, shaping them into plays which it then takes round day centres and homes and, finally, preserving them in very handsomely produced (and reasonably priced) large, paperback books. It's a neat operation, small enough to be flexible; actors are involved from the beginning as recorders and the people whose memories constitute the shows are gone back to time and again, just to make sure that everything is right. The subjects are predictable ones, likely to stir a wide range of reminiscence: the old days before the National Health Service; what it was like being an immigrant; women's memories of war-time work. And this one: memories of Christmas in the Twenties and Thirties, first done two years ago and taken out, unfolded and used again each year, like Christmas wrapping paper used to be, according to one memory in the play.

All Our Christmases is a modest little play that clearly suited down to the ground the elderly audience gathered in The Festival Hall's new Bookspace. There were no great dramas; no denouements; no distancing, complex stage-effects — simply reminiscences, woven into the record of a nuclear family's Christmas, with the various memories cleverly apportioned between the four characters (Dad, Mum, Cissie and Bert), the whole interspersed with tunes of the time.

Nostalgia reigns, conjuring up warm-hearted, golden days when the booze costs fourpence a pint and, if Mum waits till the last thing on Christmas Eve, a whole turkey can be had for half-a-crown. It's a close-knit Christmas. Everyone clusters round and counts ceremonially as each member stirs the Christmas pud. Reach nine and you can wish. Mum plays the piano and they all do their party pieces *(The Little Boy that Santa Claus Forgot, Brown Boots, Me and My Shadow)* for each other.

And then it's Christmas Eve. Bert and Cissie mime going upstairs and hanging up their stockings. Dad, drunk, stubs his foot and swears when he tiptoes in to fill them. Next day, the children are allowed a bit of Guinness with their meal and Mum gets cross because Dad and kids have been nibbling the pudding, but she's placated and all ends in love and smiles. Of such trivia are all our memories made: the ordinary rather than the extraordinary. Swivel-top pencil cases and a knob of coal in the stocking and a fairy ('I used to long for that fairy') on the Christmas tree.

Performed simply by Peter Craze's cast of four, *All Our Christmases* is a mosaic rather than a play. It doesn't reach (or try for) the dramatic edge of its elder cousin, the fully-fledged documentary play, but it does well enough. It is gently illuminating and, when I saw it, made a lot of old people sparkle and, what's more, crowd round to provide their own memories at the end.

If Age Exchange reveals opportunities, Molecule has rejected them. The two theatre groups work at opposite ends of the spectrum: the former for the old; the latter for the young. Both are based on intrinsically first-rate ideas: in Molecule's case, on presenting the principles of science in a vigorous, dramatic form. (Why should the humanities get all the best tunes?)

Molecule have 'done' light and computers and electricity — and won themselves a golden reputation. What a shame, then, that their latest show *Poles Apart* (about magnetism) is such a disaster. It's not just that the text is daft and the central children incomprehensible, but the whole is more than a little off — both in sexist and in racist terms.

Two children, Ruru and Rona (noble savages), flee their primitive South Seas home when a volcano erupts and paddle off towards the north, where they've heard that civilisation lies. To Rona's terror, they happen on a sinister isle ('Oh Ruru, I'm so afraid!') but the intrepid youth leads his sister on to pinch a bit of lodestone and sail onwards. The lodestone teaches them some basic facts about magnets (or 'magic' as silly goose Rona will call it; being a girl, she finds these things hard) but they still fall into the clutches of evil Frog Man, who imprisons them on his island while he plots the takeover of the world. The two escape the magnetic fetters, get to the scientific research ship from the north and foil Frog Man's wicked plans. Redolent of *Boy's Own* on a bad day, it sadly doesn't even succeed in making magnetism the core of the play. At the very end, Ruru saves the day by diving over the ship's side and kicking off the limpet mine that Frog Man had attached there. How much neater, at least, if science could have been used to defeat the villain.

Directed by Josephine Wilson, with pleasant but tinkly piano music, it gave rise to a restive audience of school parties. Theatre in Education (TIE) has got kids used, nowadays, to more boisterous fare than this, far more reflective of their own lives, using techniques that could benefit Molecule. The principle of Molecule is still so good it would a pity if it were spoiled because of outdated vehicles. □

Age Exchange publications, including the Christmas one, are available from 15 Camden Row, London SE3 at £1.50 for pensioners, £2.50 for others (inc. p&p).

Among this week's contributors:

William Scammell's *Jouissance* was published by Harry Chambers/Peterloo Poets this year.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TELEVISION

Hugo Williams
Play it again

ANYONE WHO HAS worked on a magazine will know that if you get two pieces in from New Zealand you call it a New Zealand Issue and hope for the best. This, therefore, was Jazz Week.

Jazz Week's *raison d'être* was hard to put your finger on, but it may have been **Club Eleven Reunion** (BBC2), a re-grouping of Britain's first be-bop ensemble for a memorial blow at Ronnie Scotts Club.

Musically, except for Johnny Dankworth who almost triumphed in a re-phrasing of Charlie Parker's solos in 'Loverman', it was stale and embarrassing, like an office-party screw. Luckily the breathlessness was interspersed with reminiscences, an art form at which they seemed to have kept their hand in.

It's 1948 and the swears of 'Geraldo's Navy' — dance band recruits for the Atlantic liners — are dumped ashore on the East River right on 52nd Street, New York's jazz mile. 'All we had to do was walk . . . we were war babies, we'd never seen anything like it — the lights, the razzamatazz, the clubs. There were men standing on the corner saying "C'mon fellas. Charlie Parker just going on the stand . . . " ' At which point the box came alight with film of Parker and Gillespie playing 'Hothouse', Parker's blank Madonna face fetching home things that never existed before or since.

We try to follow, only to be sent back to Ronnie's, to shrink from Hank Shaw wildly over-reaching himself (and Miles Davis) on Bird's 'Ornithology'. You kept wanting them to bring it all up to date, as their heroes would have, or else to do it well. But that wasn't the point. The point was to laugh too fondly at 'Naughty-type African Woodbines', wearing the knowing be-bop smile and imagining that 'We were the young lions . . . ' (Scott)

A continuation of this family-album-gazing, also narrated by Russell Davis, came on later as **The Street** (BBC2): a stash of home movies by bop guru and pianist Denis Rose, who died this year.

The Street is Archer St, behind the Apollo, where musicians went to find dance-band work and hang out in the post-war years, 'an open-air labour exchange, a social thing'. You went down with your instrument and you walked round the corner to write in your diary. 'Jimmy turned up with a trumpet case and was offered three gigs. He accepted three of them!' (Collapse of Archer St. regulars, assembled for the occasion.)

The films were a unique record, as they say, a wonderful evocation of the real old Soho. Maclaren-Ross's Soho was round the corner, Colin MacInnes was on the horizon. The first few Africans in hats and big raincoats were horsing and shooting craps with East End types like 'Flash' Winston and 'Ace' Rockman in quiffs and baggies outside the West End Rendezvous or Club 11. The fancied Rosetta was around, combing out her Veronica Lake. 'If she still looks like that give her my phone no.'

It was great, but it was impossible to enjoy it all quite as much as R. Scott and friends, all unrecognisable in black and white and hair — except to each other.

'There's little Fred,' Ronnie would say, 'he used to be the caretaker at our club in Gerrard Street.' 'I remember that shirt of mine,' said someone else, 'with the cutaway collar!' 'Oh, that cutaway collar!' said a third.

There is a jazz renaissance happening in New Orleans at the moment. The most thrilling product of it is The Dirty Dozen Brass Band, a brilliant front-line of brassmen driven forward by tuba Kirk Joseph and two standing-up drummers. Heirs of both bop and the old marching bands, the Dozen are progressive-traditional, playing complex high-speed arrangements by ear and lifting you out of your seat in tiny glowing backstreet rooms like The Glass House, the apex of the jazz universe just now.

None of this cares for BBC2's Jazz Week — and the compliment is returned. Instead, we are asked to consider everyone's second favourite clarinettist from the Big Band Era, **Artie Shaw** (BBC2).

Artie grew up . . . no, I can't go through with it, even if *he* could. Art married Lana Turner and Ava Gardner as well as six other women and became a millionaire at 30, thanks to screaming fans (yes, then) he called 'Morons' and considerable good looks. His style is more decorative and eccentric than Benny Goodman's, as if he belonged to a later, more indulgent period. He gave Billy Holiday her first job in a white band and recorded the definitive 'Begin the Beguine'. He has not been well served by this mega-doc., which uses far too much of Shaw's own unattractive reflections on his life. I watched from dinner time till after I went to bed. At ten to one he was still making wide-eyed pseudo-modest claims to immortality in his loveable all-American non-ironical style.

IT WAS going to be hard to portray John Lennon, given the life, given the deaths, given the ill-advised build-up to the insipid, celebrity-preening promo-video-cum-Sermon-on-the-Mount called **A Journey in the Life** (BBC1) — but Bernard Hill could hardly have been more annoying if he'd been trying. Admittedly he looks like a broken computer's idea of 'John Lennon', but why did he choose to play this fiery character as an elderly dentist with bus-lag? Is he from Liverpool? Only a Scouse could have misheard John's familiar voice so consistently, no naggingly, so sententiously, until you wanted to throttle him. Don't they do accents at acting school?

If Hill was bad, the script was almost (but not really) funny by comparison. It seemed to be about Lennon's boring older brother, an over-sensitive youth who got God early on and never had anything to do with the Beatles, rock 'n' roll, songwriting, Cynthia, Julian, drugs, scrubbers, humour or sex. Imagine there's no Lennon, it isn't hard to do. Just as the *Club Eleven Reunion* came suddenly to life with footage of the real stars, so this winsome dollar-talker came briefly alive round shots of the real John in concert, looking like someone else altogether. 'A video of the concert will be available in the New Year,' oozed someone. You betcha! Run fetch it, Rover.

Weekend competition

No 2903 **Set by E.O. Parrott**

Given current agitation about sex'n' violence on TV, you are asked to provide scenes from *Hill Street Blues, Dynasty, The Professionals, Minder* or *East Enders* suitable for very young viewers. Max. 120 words, by 2 January.

No 2900 **Set by Ken Rudge**

Lyrics explaining 'that's why' someone is unacceptable to any particular group.

Report **By Di Dact**

Perfectionism is an admirable trait, Frith minor, and to be encouraged. But exact imitation was by no means all that we were looking for in this test and most of you, let it be said, managed a Hart-*like* 12-line form quite competently. Well tried Polglaze, Gun, Bellenger, Marks and Wootton; tied top of the form this week — and £12 each — those whose work is on display below.

He followed Pym and was purged for his pains,
He makes occasional use of his brains,
He even thinks there's some mileage in Keynes,
That's why the Member is a wet.

Up to last year he was doing quite well,
But on one issue he had to rebel —
He wouldn't sell the Old Bailey to Shell,
That's why the Member is a wet.

He can't stand claques who just say what suits, lick the right boots,
One doubt — you're out!
It's like an Archer-style pulp novelette,
That's why he had to be a wet.

NOEL PETTY

He takes a sherry but never a jar;
Sits in a corner and not at the bar;
He uses haircream, and washes his car;
That's why the fellow is a wimp.

He's got no blazer, just three-piece smooth suits;
He starts to yawn when we get pickled as newts;
He gets his mother to polish his boots;
That's why the fellow is wimp.

He has no interest in bosoms and bums;
He never swears, just says Crikey or Crumbs;
And he complains if you fart in the scrums;
That's why the fellow is a wimp.

W. S. BROWNLIE

She won't go camping in polythene tents,
She won't take snippers to cut through a fence,
She'd rather glitter at social events,
That's why this sister is a drag.

She likes the rich feel of fur on her skin,
Thinks it no sin to do foxes in,
She likes to hang on a wealthy man's arm,
Thinks female charm will do her no harm.

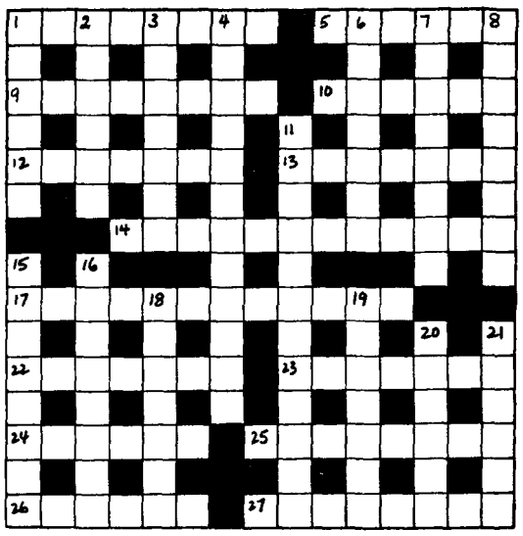
She won't think deeply on matters like nukes,
Says gays are lovely (but privately pukes),
She'd rather rub shoulders with gun-toting dukes,
That's why this sister is a drag.

KATIE MALLETT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Weekend Crossword 1502

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1502, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU by first post 30 December.



Name_____

Address_____

ACROSS

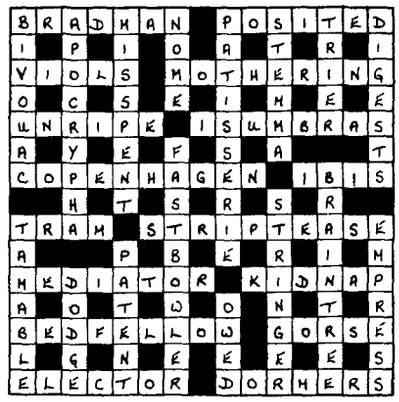
1. Drowsy so goes back in company with a friend (8)
5. Claim a wicket with a soft sound (6)
9. Place which provides something soothing before an exam (8)
10. Fighters are cross when surrounded by an old enemy of ours (6)
12. Agitated since the place for the drive is back inside the hut (7)
13. Excel in openwork (7)
14. Where affection is felt for series of masculine skills? (12)
17. Plant which shows up her wounds too badly (12)
22. Is ambitious, as holding something very high (7)
23. A hero, I do some gardening round the front (7)
24. The letter in hospital I cannot read (6)
25. Revolt as a result of the upper-class using force (8)
26. Try again because there is a different setter (6)
27. Close as an entertainer given a very little money (8)

DOWN

1. The artist is after being bowled in the middle of a stroke (6)
2. When about fifty the athlete becomes a playwright (6)
3. A bit of poetry to cheer wildly (7)
4. The quality improved in this plant (8,4)
6. Trend-setting individual in seaside place (7)
7. Give rent free although turning out (8)
8. The military call for final collection (4,4)
11. Beaten, and this is expected without a whisper circulating (12)
15. For sale ripe cooked fruit provider (8)
16. Replace a little nourishment with a lot of machinery (8)
18. They live alone and sit about on a small island (7)
19. Love worrying endlessly over an instrument (7)
20. Bird which makes an awful shriek (6)
21. Importance of a London district (6)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1500



Prizewinners to 1500

B. W. Frith (York)
Nicholas Pearce (Burghclere, Berks.)
Nigel Rowe (Manchester)

CLASSIFIED ADS: 01-251 5487

New Statesman
14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU

RATES: £8.50 per cm + VAT
Charities £7.50 per cm + VAT

LINAGE: 35p per word + VAT, *min 12 words*

HEARTSEARCH / PURSUITS £5.75 for 25 words incl. box number & VAT. Send ads to: **Classified Dept, New Statesman, FREEPOST, London EC1B 1EB**

DEADLINE: Normally *11am Tues. for Fri.*

BOOKINGS, ENQUIRIES, 'DICTATE-AN-AD'
Call *Laura Berryman/David Jones 01-251 5487*

HEARTSEARCH

A.B.C. – its easy! **VISTA** offers intelligent, single, separated, divorced or widowed people simply a nice way to meet new friends/partners. London and Home Counties only. Brochure: 01-272 1414. N50.5

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358. N49.19

COMPATIBLE PARTNERS through successful Hedi Fisher Introductions. S.a.e.: 45-46 Chalk Farm Road, London NW1. 01-267 6066. N50.1

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating. Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011. N49.20

GENIAL SOCIALIST man (34), intelligent, kind, seeks compatible woman, 24-34. West Yorkshire. Box (50) 2045. N50.13

LUNCH PARTNERS: A unique club for genuine singles. For details of FREE membership call Rosie on 01-549 1276. N49.3

MY OTHERWISE satisfying life needs someone to share it. Interests: Quakerism, psychotherapy (et al), music, theatre, travel, walking. Widow (62) children, grandchildren. W. Sussex. Box (50) 2049. N50.9

NICE WOMAN, 42, seeks close, affectionate friendship with independentish man. Non-smoker, sense of fun, creative. Enjoys walks, talks, sensuality. Photo please. London area. Box (50) 2059. N50.3

OLGA: RUSSIAN/FRENCHWOMAN from Lille, seeks an Englishman, tall, 50s, open-minded, with whom she can have a close, but stable relationship. Box (50) 2051. N50.7

OXFORD: lively divorcee, mid forties, bored with solitude and the cat, seeks male, preferably tall, to share local pleasures and pastimes, music, the arts etc. Box (50) 2050. N50.8

PLEASANT MAN, 45, exiled to West Cornwall during Xmas, would like to hear from young lady, equally in need of a cheering friendship. Box (50) 2048. N50.10

PROFESSIONAL PhD, 30, with varied interests, needs a lady for love, friendship and for a permanent relationship. London based. Box (50) 2058. N50.4

RESILIENT, INDEPENDENT, but caring female seeks optimistic, life-loving, single male (25-30), for exchange of regular correspondence. Maybe meet later? Any area. Box (50) 2046. N50.12

SENSITIVE, TALL, caring, unattached man, 55, likes people, music, walking, seeks intelligent, helpful n/s woman, mid forties. South Essex. Box (49) 2011. N49.13

THE MARRIAGE BUREAU (Heather Jenner), 124 New Bond St, W1. 01-629 9634. Individual attention. N50.2

VERY PERSONABLE, attractive, charming, amusing, considerate graduate, professional – 40 – own lovely coastal home, seeks lady – friendship/marriage – personality more important than age. All nationalities welcome. Box (50) 2052. N50.6

WARM, ATTRACTIVE, humorous woman, 35 lover of music, literature, cinema, theatre and leftish politics, seeks man of similar inclinations, to share it all with. London. Box (46) 1899. N49.8

WARM, CARING female, 54, divorced, interests: politics, cinema, theatre, animals, home cooking etc., seeks companion for a sincere relationship. Box (50) 2047. N50.11

YOUR CHOICE – the Introduction Agency with a difference! Your chance to meet new friends/partners through detailed profiles on paper and video. Contact: Jeannie 01-670 9840 or Box (47) 1940. N49.23

PURSUITS

DECIDE NOW! Join three well-travelled women, one man, on economical (£71) creative trip to Morocco – leaving afternoon Sat. 14 Dec. Tel. 01-586 5259 (until midnight). N50.17

OLD FRIENDS: an introduction agency for the over forties. Loneliness is not inevitable. Details from: Anne Brent, 18a Highbury New Park, London N5 2DB. Tel: 01-226 5432. N49.32

THERAPY

THERAPIST/COUNSELLOR, male, anti-sexist – sliding scale charges. 01-341 4278. N50.21

BOOKS

BACK COPIES New Statesman 1958 – today. Best offer to be collected SW London area. Tel. 01-769 3031 weekends. N50.20

'BUDDHISM AND THE BOMBS: Inner and Outer Peacemaking', by Ken Jones. Pamphlet for peace and other social activists, and people interested in ways of personal and spiritual development. £1.10 (+20p p&p) from Buddhist Peace Fellowship, 36 Victoria Parade, Preston, Lancs. PR2 1DT. N50.14

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermillion Books, 57 Red Lion St, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822. N49.24

ACCOM. VACANT

BRIXTON HILL: own room in nice flat for professional woman. Share all facilities. Very near shops and transport. £35 per week inclusive. Tel. 01-733 6337 after 6 p.m. & weekends. N50.19

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

APPOINTMENTS

astms

requires a

SECRETARIAL ASSISTANT

in the General Secretary's secretariat. The work involves diary arrangements and committee clerk experience.
Salary £8,878 p.a. rising to £9,198 p.a., 5 weeks holiday, pension scheme, LV's, 34 hour week.
Applications are invited from persons with a thorough knowledge of the trade union movement.

ASTMS is an equal opportunities employer.

Applications to Greta Carpin, ASTMS, 79 Camden Road, London NW1 9ES by Monday, 6th January.

astms

requires a

SECRETARIAL ASSISTANT

to assist in a secretarial capacity in all functions relating to the work generated by the Deputy General Secretary and Assistant General Secretary via their secretarial assistants.

The salary is £8,256 p.a. rising to £8,685 p.a., 5 weeks holiday, pension scheme, LV's, 34 hour week.

ASTMS is an equal opportunities employer.

Applications to the Deputy General Secretary, ASTMS, 79 Camden Road, London NW1 9ES by Monday 6 January.

bifu

BANKING INSURANCE & FINANCE UNION

Appointment of

TRADE UNION ORGANISER

MANCHESTER AREA

Applications are invited from persons of suitable qualifications and Trade Union background for the above post of Organiser. Commencing salary £10,404 per annum on scale rising to £11,604 per annum. The successful applicant will be based on the Union's Manchester Office. Car provided. Good holidays and conditions of service.

For application form and job description please write to:– John James, National Organiser, BIFU, 55 Charles Street, Cardiff CF1 4ED. All application forms to be completed and returned not later than **FRIDAY, 10 JANUARY 1986.**

NATIONAL UNION OF TEACHERS

ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICER

Superannuation Department

Applications are invited for the above vacancy in the Union's Superannuation Department.
The successful applicant will have responsibility for all National Insurance matters within the Department, including members' enquiries on National Insurance benefits and entitlements, and the preparation of appeals for submission to a local tribunal. The successful applicant will also deal with all matters relating to the Teachers' Superannuation Scheme and will service meetings of the Public Service Pensioners' Council, for which the Union provides the Secretariat, together with assisting in servicing other committees of the Union dealing with superannuation and National Insurance matters.
Candidates should have a good knowledge of the National Insurance regulations and the Teachers' Superannuation Scheme, or another comparable public service scheme. Experience of committee work would be of value.
Salary £9,168-£10,839 inclusive of London Allowance.
Appointment normally to commence on minimum of the scale. £1.15 LVs per day, 34¼ hour week (flexi-time), 4 weeks annual leave plus generous public holidays, contributory Pension Scheme, office convenient for Euston, St Pancras and Kings Cross stations.
Application forms can be obtained from: The Senior Official — Administration, National Union of Teachers, Hamilton House, Mabledon Place, London WC1H 9BD. Tel. (01) 388 6191 Ext. 234, to be returned by December 31st, 1985.

BARRISTERS' CLERK required for socialist chambers. Full-time. Previous experience an advantage. Terms, remuneration negotiable. Send c.v. in envelope marked 'confidential' to Box (50) 2057. N50.18

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone Odette Veazey. OV Selection (Emp. Agyl, Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345. N49.34

NCU NATIONAL COMMUNICATIONS UNION

ASSISTANT ACCOUNTANT

The NCU has a vacancy in the Accounts Department at its Head Office near Hanger Lane station. The Department handles all the administrative work connected with the Union's financial, membership and superannuation records.
Applicants should possess suitable experience in one or more of these fields. A knowledge of computerised systems would be an additional advantage. The records are maintained on an ICL ME29 computer.
The person appointed will be a key member of a small team of staff working under the direction of the Accountant. The starting salary is **£10,316** rising to **£10,461** after one year's service. Contributory pension scheme, subsidised canteen, 25 days annual leave, flexible working hours based on a standard 35 hour week.

Application forms from Mrs J. Gosling 01-998 2981.
Closing date for receipt of applications is January 3rd, 1986.

COURSES

CENTRE FOR ANALYTICAL PSYCHOTHERAPY
Upper Harley Street
London NW1

1 year Introductory Course of weekly seminars starting February 1986, leading to a three year clinical course in Analytical Psychotherapy.

Enquiries 01-935 3070

CAREERS

CAREER MOVE IN 1986? Friendly career counsellor offers help. Self development, job search, self presentation. Specialist in women's careers. Moderate fees. 01-586 3817. N50.22

MEETINGS

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk Sunday 15 Dec. 8 p.m. 'The Cyclic Wheel of Life'. ULT, 62 Queens Gardens, London W2 3AL. N50.15

SERVICES

QUALITY TYPING English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts: 01-452 6617. N49.27

THE TYPING POOL a woman's co-operative. Professional low cost typing of articles, thesis, letters etc, from script or tape. Translation and typing of French, German, Spanish and Italian. Central London. Tel: 01-430 0381. N49.28

FINANCIAL

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover St, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934. N49.38

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50, 175 Regent Street, London W1. For written quote apply: Tel: 01-734 1974. N49.39

HOLIDAYS/ TRAVEL

TRIED THE REST, now try the best. For low air fares to world-wide destinations inc. Africa. SHL, 313A Hoe St, London E17. 01-520 7911. N50.16

CHEAPEST FARES, Paris, Caracas, Port of Spain, Singapore, Sydney, Hong Kong, Jo'burg, Nairobi, Istanbul, anywhere. Fareplan, 60-66 Wardour St, W1. 01-734 9772. N49.29

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys, 3-6 weeks. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London W4 2HD. 01-747 3108. N49.30

PEKING (10 days) and via MOSCOW (1 day) **£885.** Out plane, back train. **30 April-20 May.** Includes first class hotels and full programme.

HOLIDAYS IN BUDAPEST CITY 22 Dec-1 Jan £155 with half board. Visit to superb city on the Danube. See the Opera House, Cathedral, Fisherman's Bastion, Transport Museum, National Gallery, Folklore Centre and Castles. **28 Dec-5 Jan £145** with half board and includes free bus pass for the city.

SEE 1986 DETAILS BELOW FOR HOLIDAY BARGAIN PRICES
(please tell us where you wish to go)
NAPLES £150 • MOSCOW £189 (4 days) **£199** (5 days) **• LAKE GARDA & VENICE £135**
PRAGUE £170 • BALATON £145
VOLGOGRAD £260 • HIGH TATRAS £170
BERLIN & DRESDEN £145 • NORWAY £175
ALBANIA £260

Free entry to all museums in USSR and full board at their hotels.

YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road,
Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Tel: 0484 24269

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AGENDA

FOR DETAILS CALL DAVID JONES 01-251 5487

SAT 14 DEC

BRIEFING ON PUBLIC ORDER BILL at Congress House. Starts 1.15pm. Speakers: Gareth Pierce and Jack Dromey (unconfirmed), followed by Discussion groups/advice/suggestion sessions. First showing of Public Order Policing exhibition (PORG). Organised by Public Order Research Group, SE Region TUC and Greater London Association of Trades Councils. For further information phone Cathie Lloyd 01-734 5831.

WIDENING THE WEB. Start of a woman's weekend of protest at Greenham Common on the week of 6th anniversary of NATO cruise decision. 2pm link hands, light up the base at dusk. Stay overnight if you can. Further details CND 01-250 4010.

SOUTH AFRICAN MILITARISM: A Threat to Economic Development in the Southern African Subcontinent. Day conference at The Africa Centre from 10am-6pm. £3/£1.50 unwaged. Info: 01-836 1973.

TUES 17 DEC

"HAS AID BEEN EFFECTIVE" a seminar chaired by HRH The Princess Anne, speaker Robert Cassen, is the first of six seminars organised by **SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND** highlighting the development problems facing African governments and identifying future priorities for assistance. 6-8pm. Admission £5 (one or more seminars).
Further information and booking from **Barbara Hewitt, The Save The Children Fund, 17 Grove Lane, London SE5 8RD. Tel: 01-703 5400.**

WED 18 DEC

MARXISM TODAY CHRISTMAS CABARET FOR THE ANC, with The Flying Pickets, Happy End, Pauline Melville, Blah!, Skint Video, Benjamin Zephaniah Band, The Electric Ballroom, Camden. Prompt start 7.30pm. £5/£3 unwaged. Reservations 01-608 0265.

WED 18 DEC—THURS 19 DEC

ANNUAL CONFERENCE of World University Service (UK) *Adult Education: Empowering the People'.* Conference will explore the potential of adult education for developing alternatives for those marginalised by formal programmes. Discussion will focus on comparing British and *South African experience. Venue: Reading* University. Registration (including food and accommodation) £32.50. Details from WUS, 20 Compton Terrace, London N1 2UN (tel: 01-226 6747).

NICARAGUA CHRISTMAS OFFERS

Buy a twelve page colour 'Buenos Dias — Nicaragua' Calendar and Pluto Big Red Nigaragua' Diary for £8.30 (inc. p&p) and get a set of four greetings cards *free.*

Also 'Make a Mug of Reagan' — 8oz pure Nicaraguan coffee plus Nicaragua coffee mug for only £4 incl. p&p.

Send cheques/POs to:
NSC, 20 Compton Terrace, London N1 2UN.

"A real vote-winner" - Sunday Mirror.
GENUINE MAGGIE
ONLY £5 (inc p&p)
the Fabulous Thatcher doll.
Cheques/PO's to:
Sly Craft of Bow, 71, Antill Road, Mile End, London E3 5BT.
"Surrounded by Saatchi & Saatchi failed" - The Standard.

Agenda costs only £5 for 25 words.
Extra words 30p each.
These rates are inclusive of VAT.

I.L.P. CALENDAR 1986

UNIQUE A3 DRAWINGS REPRODUCED, from old I.L.P. Newspapers, 1894 onwards. £2.60, p&p incl. Leeds I.L.P. (Cards) 49 Top Moor Side, Leeds, LS11 9LW. PERFECT XMAS PRESENT FOR SOCIALISTS

BILLBOARD

Theatre

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY 01-628 8795/638 8891, 24hr info 01-628 2295.
BARBICAN THEATRE AS YOU LIKE IT "An *evening to delight the heart"* D Tel.
THE PIT MELONS a new play by Bernard Pomerance — author of The Elephant Man. Set in New Mexico at the turn of the century 'Melons' portrays the dramatic meeting between two old adversaries from the Apache wars.
Cast: David Burke, John Cater, Susan Colverd, Ben Kingsley, Anton Lesser. Director: Alison Sutcliffe.

BLOOMSBURY THEATRE 01-387 9629 13 & 14 Dec 8pm **INCANTATION** Music of the South American Indians. 16 Dec–4 Jan 8pm. **HARVEY AND THE WALLBANGERS** in **PARK THE TIGER.**

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'The Real Inspector Hound', 'The Critic', 'Pravda — A Fleet Street Comedy'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'Mrs Warren's Profession', 'The Duchess of Malfi'. Cottlesloe (small auditorium) 'The Road to Mecca'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

HALF MOON THEATRE 213 Mile End Road, London E1. 01-790 4000. **DRACULA** by Chris Bond opens Fri 13 Dec 7pm, then eves 7.30pm. *'A dazzling blend of hoary Hammer Horror and panto slapstick'* Time Out.

DROP ME OFF AT HARLEM

the MIDNITE FOLLIES Orchestra with Johnny 'M'

PLUS SWEET SUBSTITUTE
LAST LONDON PERFORMANCE
Queen Elizabeth Hall, London SE1 8XX
Friday 3rd January 1986, 7.45 PM
Tickets: £3·50, £4·50, £5·50
Box Office 01-928 3191
Credit Card 01-928 8800
All usual booking agents.

GLC Working for London
A NIGHT AT THE COTTON CLUB

COAL AND COMMUNITY

The Miner's Strike – One Year On

ANNIVERSARY CONFERENCE

SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY – 7/8/9 MARCH 1986

Two full days of organised discussion about the issues raised by the Strike with workshops on:

— *The economics of coal and energy*
— *New technology and coal mining*
— *Coalfield communities and industrial decline*
— *The role of women in the strike and its aftermarth*
— *The role of the media*
— *The state and industrial relations*
— *The law and policing issues.*
— *The labour movement and the strike*

For further details and an application form write to:

Joan Keogh,
Division of Continuing Education,
University of Sheffield,
85 Wilkinson Street,
Sheffield S10 2GJ
or telephone: (0742) 78555 ext. 4920/1

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Typesetting by Tocatta Graphics, Tabard House, 116 Southwark Street, London SE1
Printed by Benham & Co Ltd, Sheepen Place, Colchester CO3 3LH. Published by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd at 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MISANTHROPIC MUSINGS: THIS SPORTING LIFE
THE ONE PROBLEM WITH THESE LONG JOHNS IS THE PHALLIC GAP
SO DRAUGHTY THE 'Y' FRONT
OH I FIND IT QUITE USEFUL MYSELF
WHAT ON EARTH FOR?
A GREAT AID IN DISCREETLY CHANGING TAMPONS ON CHILLY WALKS
©JANIS GOODMAN '85

CHESS

Time-trouble

IT IS the clock that separates competitive chess from just horsing around. In the days before the introduction of the chess clock serious matches must have been very funny affairs. For example, a contemporary report on the LaBourdonnais-MacDonnell encounter of 1834 describes how boorish and talkative the Frenchman was during the games. It goes on to add, however, that there were 'undeniable excuses for his behaviour' since MacDonnell was 'an excessively slow player, and sometimes brooded over his moves until the onlookers contracted headaches from all the painful hope and expectation'!

Modern masters are, as fairness demands, allocated uniform rations of time. As David Bronstein has long contended, a full record of the game ought to show how they use it. Such information can be very revealing, whilst the lack of it may lead to wild misinterpretation. It is one of the admirable features of Batsford's instant book on the Karpov-Kasparov match, *Manoeuvres in Moscow* by Ray Keene and David Goodman, that clock times are given after each move. It's surprising to find how short the two Ks ran themselves. In the first game Karpov had only 10 minutes for the last 17 moves of the first session. In the eleventh game Kasparov had only 11 minutes on his clock for 18 moves when he became the lucky recipient of a blunder which allowed him to end the game without expending so much as a single minute more.

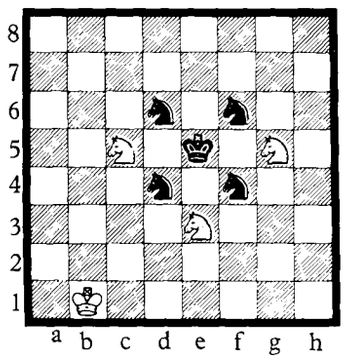
Of course, that is nothing much by the standards of the real time-trouble addicts. I speak with authority on this subject since my games regularly finish in a mad stampede of moves, with predictably unreliable results. Many remedies are advocated, but I fear that Zeitnotitis, addiction to time-trouble, is an incurable condition. It may be that this is because it is but one manifestation of a much more general psychological trait that renders the individual incapable of decisive action before the eleventh hour has chimed. Orwell gave a marvellous description of the condition in his essay 'Confessions of a Book Reviewer' (1946). The symptoms are hours of time-wasting followed by a frenzied outburst of effort. Am I wrong in thinking that's the way things usually get written? Hypocritically I keep feeding students Thurber's maxim 'Don't get it right, get it written', knowing full well I could never follow such advice myself.

There is a simpler explanation, however, than the postulation of Homo procrastinans, namely that addicts actually do enjoy time-trouble. Witnessing one of us in the throes, 20 moves to make in 5 minutes, compulsively glancing at the clock, twitching and fidgeting, you might not think this very plausible. But the secret dream behind this lunatic show is one of brain and hand in perfect harmony as you rattle out a stream of combinative blows. It usually doesn't work out that way, but should it ever do so the experience is unforgettably satisfying.

The clock also ticks for publishers trying to exploit the publicity generated by a world championship match. Batsford jumped in to scoop the market, thanks to an amazing technical feat. It took them only two working days after the conclusion of the match to get the *Manoeuvres in Moscow* book out. But Pergamon have counterattacked by announcing that they will publish three books by Kasparov himself over the next month. As an author the new champion must be working under a certain inhibition, since he declined post mortem analysis because of the brain-picking insight that Karpov might be given.

Problem

White to mate in two. I know this one's easy and unrealistic, but it comes in really handy when you have spare knight-transfers.



Solution

1. Ka2! (Matsukevich, 1969)

George Botterill

New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU
Tel: 01-253 2001/Editorial: 01-253 2003
Telex: 28449/Cables: Newstat, London EC1
©1985 Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd & contributors
Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd

Editor: Hugh Stephenson; **Deputy Editor:** Sarah Benton; **News Editor:** Andrew Lumsden; **Editorial staff:** Duncan Campbell, Jane Dibblin, Rob Edwards (Scotland), Patrick Forbes, Peter Kellner (Political editor), John Rentoul, Claudia Wright (Washington); **Literary Editor:** Gillian Wilce; **Arts Editor:** Harriett Gilbert; **Production Manager:** Joanne Hurst; **Layout & design:** Vicky Hutchings; **Editorial Assistant:** Jane Thomas

Subscriptions: Cecilia Milton, Joan Scanlon; **Circulation:** Liz Cooper, John Duncan, Karin Jensen; **Display advertisements:** Michael Roberts (01-253 2001); **Classified advertisements:** Laura Berryman, David Jones (01-251 5487)

Subscription rates: UK & Eire £37; Europe (air mail only) £41; rest of world: air speeded £41; air mail £52. USA: air speeded $62; air mail $83. Canada: air speeded Can $72; air mail Can $97.

Second class postage paid at New York, NY USPS 382260. Air freight in US by Speedimpex USA Inc. (US Postmaster: Address changes should be sent to New Statesman, Speedimpex USA Inc., 45-45 39th Street, Long Island City, NY 11104)

Unsolicited manuscripts and artwork will only be returned if an SAE is enclosed.

QUIZ

1) Of which nationalised industry is Robert Scholey to be the next chairman?
2) Of which nationalised industry is Sir Robert Haslam to be the next chairman?
3) Who died last week 69 years after *The Times* announced his death at the Somme?
4) Who said last week: 'How much easier our task would be if somehow, suddenly, there was a threat to this world from another planet outside the universe'?
5) The candidates for the Democratic nomination for 'Tip' O'Neill's congressional seat include a President's nephew and a President's grandson. Who are they?
6) For which constituency is David Clelland the Labour MP?
7) For which constituency is Diane Abbott the prospective Labour candidate?
8) Why did Tory MP Edward Leigh have to pause during his speech in a Commons debate on violent crime last week?
9) Which country held a 'vasectomy festival' last week?

Answers

1) British Steel; 2) National Coal Board; 3) Robert Graves; 4) Ronald Reagan; 5) Joe Kennedy (JFK's nephew) and James Roosevelt (FDR's grandson); 6) Tyne Bridge; 7) Hackney North and Stoke Newington; 8) One of his teeth fell out; 9) Thailand

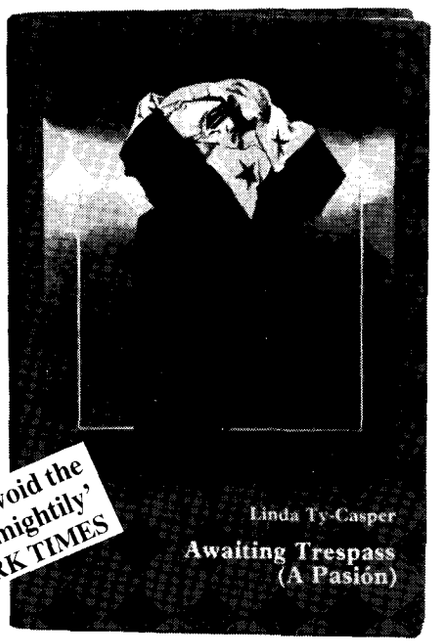
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS FROM BEHIND THE HEADLINES

Eye-opening literature, great reading, from places in the news every day. Yours by subscription from Readers International.

Each hardcover volume just £4.50

(regularly to £8.95)



Enter today's Manila: Tyranny makes Filipinos exiles in their own country. Linda Ty-Casper's suspenseful novel, *Awaiting Trespass*, cannot be published there for political reasons. The story of a family in mourning mirrors the nation's search for reason and nobility in irrational and ignoble times.

Now the *real* Poland: Rising hopes disappear in a cloud of tear gas and prison doors clang shut on the activists. Detained and censored at home, Janusz Anderman compels us into an eerie, Dickensian Warsaw in the cinematic prose of *Poland Under Black Light*.

Next is the drama of South America, as two women defy state terror seeking their missing children. At last in English is Marta Traba's fine novel *Mothers and Shadows*: "Fierce, intelligent, moving," says El Tiempo of Bogota.

These and other such ground-breaking contemporary works are available now by subscription in exceptional English translations through Readers International (RI).

Says *In These Times:* "Like a magazine subscription, it's a gamble—but it could be more than worth it, for its introduction to worlds we might never have known existed."

"A splendid and important enterprise and worth supporting," says London's Financial Times.

Thousands of RI subscribers now receive a new book every two months: Hardcover editions at the special price of £4.50 plus 50p for postage. (Regularly priced from £7.95 to £8.95, the savings are considerable.)

A world-wide Advisory Board helps select the books. And as the Kansas City Star points out: *"The [former] ties of the founding editors to Amnesty International and Index on Censorship. . .ensure contact with artists not beloved by their governments. The world can learn more from them than any politician. Thanks to RI, that will now be possible."*

Subscribe for a good read every two months and to help bring some of today's best writers into English. Says A. Whitney Ellsworth, Publisher of The New York Review of Books: *"Readers International is exciting: Good books—and a good cause."* Return the coupon to receive your first volume.

PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED TO CRITICAL ACCLAIM

To Bury Our Fathers by Sergio Ramírez. "Required reading for any who claim a thorough understanding of Nicaragua." —The Nation. *A Cadre School Life* by Yang Jiang. "Outstanding, quite unlike anything else from 20th century China." —Times Literary Supplement. *My Merry Mornings* by Ivan Klíma. "Charming and comic stories about Prague, irrepressibly cheerful and successfully written." —Financial Times. *A Ride on the Whirlwind* by Sipho Sepamla. "Finely written novel [whose characters] rescue their own humanity from the whirlwind of violence." —Anti-Apartheid News.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS *(Retail prices shown)*

PHILIPPINES: *Awaiting Trespass* by Linda Ty-Casper, £8.95. POLAND: *Poland Under Black Light* by Janusz Anderman, £7.95. LATIN AMERICA: *Mothers and Shadows* by Marta Traba, £8.95. JAPAN: *Fire from the Ashes*, stories edited by Kenzaburo Oe, £8.95. ARGENTINA: *A Funny Dirty Little War* by Osvaldo Soriano, £7.95. IRAN: *Voices of Courage* by Amir Taheri, £8.95. SOUTH AFRICA: *Fools and Other Stories* by Njabulo Ndebele, £8.95.

READERS INTERNATIONAL
8 Strathray Gardens London NW3 4NY

Please begin my subscription to RI's 1985-86 series with *Awaiting Trespass—A Pasión* at £4.50 subscriber price plus 50p for postage. Send RI's latest book at the same price every other month. At any time I may cancel simply by writing to you.

NAME

ADDRESS

TOWN CODE COUNTRY

☐ My payment of £5.00 to Readers International is enclosed.
(US subscribers, please send $8.95, incl postage, to RI Subscriber Service Dept, PO Box 959, Columbia, LA 71418.
Canadian subscribers, please send Can$9.95, incl postage, to RI, 570 Victoria Ave, Westmount PQ, Montreal H3Y 2R6.
£6 sterling elsewhere.

SPECIAL SAVINGS: Prepay a year's subscription for six books at just £3.50 per book plus 50p postage. ☐ I enclose my payment for £24.00 inland, US$42, Can$49, £30 sterling elsewhere.

ST5

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED